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COLONEL ULRIC DAHLGREN.

COLONEL ULRIC DAHLGREN, of whose death we give an illustration on page 196, was killed near Richmond, Virginia, during the recent raid of KILPATRICK. Colonel DAHLGREN, with a body of 100 men, having been sent on detached service, was entrapped and surrounded at night by the rebels, who posted their forces in ambush, and while attempting to cut his way out was shot at the head of his column by persons lying in wait. The Richmond *Whig* of the 8th inst. says that after DAHLGREN was fired upon a general volley was poured into the Federal ranks, causing a considerable panic, which was heightened by the intense darkness. His body was subsequently carried by the rebels into Richmond, and after having been exposed to public view for some hours, was buried in a common pine coffin in some place unknown to any but the rebel authorities. The rebels pretend to have found papers on Colonel DAHLGREN's body, directing the massacre of DAVIS and all the officials in Richmond; but it is denied by Federal officers that any such orders were ever issued or suggested. His address to his officers and men, upon starting on his expedition, certainly did not disclose any such blood-thirsty purpose. He enjoined upon them to "keep well together, and obey orders strictly;" to allow "no thought of personal gain to lead them off." "We will have a desperate fight," he added, as if with the voice of prophecy, "but stand up to it when it does come, and all will be well." Moreover, a correspondent of the *Times*, who accompanied Colonel DAHLGREN, and saw his memoranda on the day he started, says positively that they "contained no such words as the rebels pretend to have found in them."

Colonel DAHLGREN had been engaged in the military service from the outset of the war, and, though only twenty-two years of age, had earned distinguished honors by his gallantry and courage on several fields. He was first assigned to duty in May, 1862, under Gen. FREMONT, but subsequently he was with Gen. SIGEL in West Virginia. Afterward he was placed on General HOOKER's staff, and passed with that General through his Potomac campaign, participating in all the cavalry engagements which then and afterward occurred. During the pursuit of LEE's forces in the invasion of last summer DAHLGREN was in every successful action, and was finally wounded at Hagerstown, Maryland, and lost a leg by amputation. For his services in this campaign he was made a Colonel by the President. He had not fully recovered from his wound when the KILPATRICK expedition was proposed. He asked and obtained leave to accompany it, being assigned to a separate command. His failure to accomplish the work apportioned to him is said to have been due to the treachery of a guide, who led him into danger and to death. His father, Admiral DAHLGREN, has attempted to obtain the body from Richmond, but has failed; but it matters not where such as he may be buried. A grateful people will shrine his memory in their hearts, and keep green forever the brave boy's name!

It is mentioned as an illustration of Colonel DAHLGREN's earnest patriotism, that when the war broke out he was traveling in the South-west, where great inducements were offered him to enter the rebel service, but, fired with indignation, he at once made his way to Washington and applied for a place in the Army. His sublime daring on every field to which he was called after that time justified fully the sanction which the Government gave him in its first appointment to an honorable position. His temper and character as a soldier remarkably resembled that of the lamented WINTHROP, and his career affords another illustration, beautiful and significant, of that sturdy and courageous manhood which these troublous latter days are maturing as the future hope of the Republic.

GENERAL GRANT AS LIEUTENANT-GENERAL.

WE give on page 197 an illustration of the formal presentation of the commission of LIEUTENANT-GENERAL to Major-General GRANT, by President LINCOLN, on the 9th instant. The presentation ceremony took place in the Cabinet Chamber, in the presence of the entire Cabinet and a number of high military officers. The President, in presenting the commission, remarked, "With this high honor devolves upon you also a corresponding responsibility. As the country herein trusts you, so, under God, it will sustain you." General GRANT, in replying, said he felt the full weight of the responsibilities now devolving upon him, and added that if they are met he felt it will be due to our noble armies, and above all to the favor of that Providence which is over both nations and men.

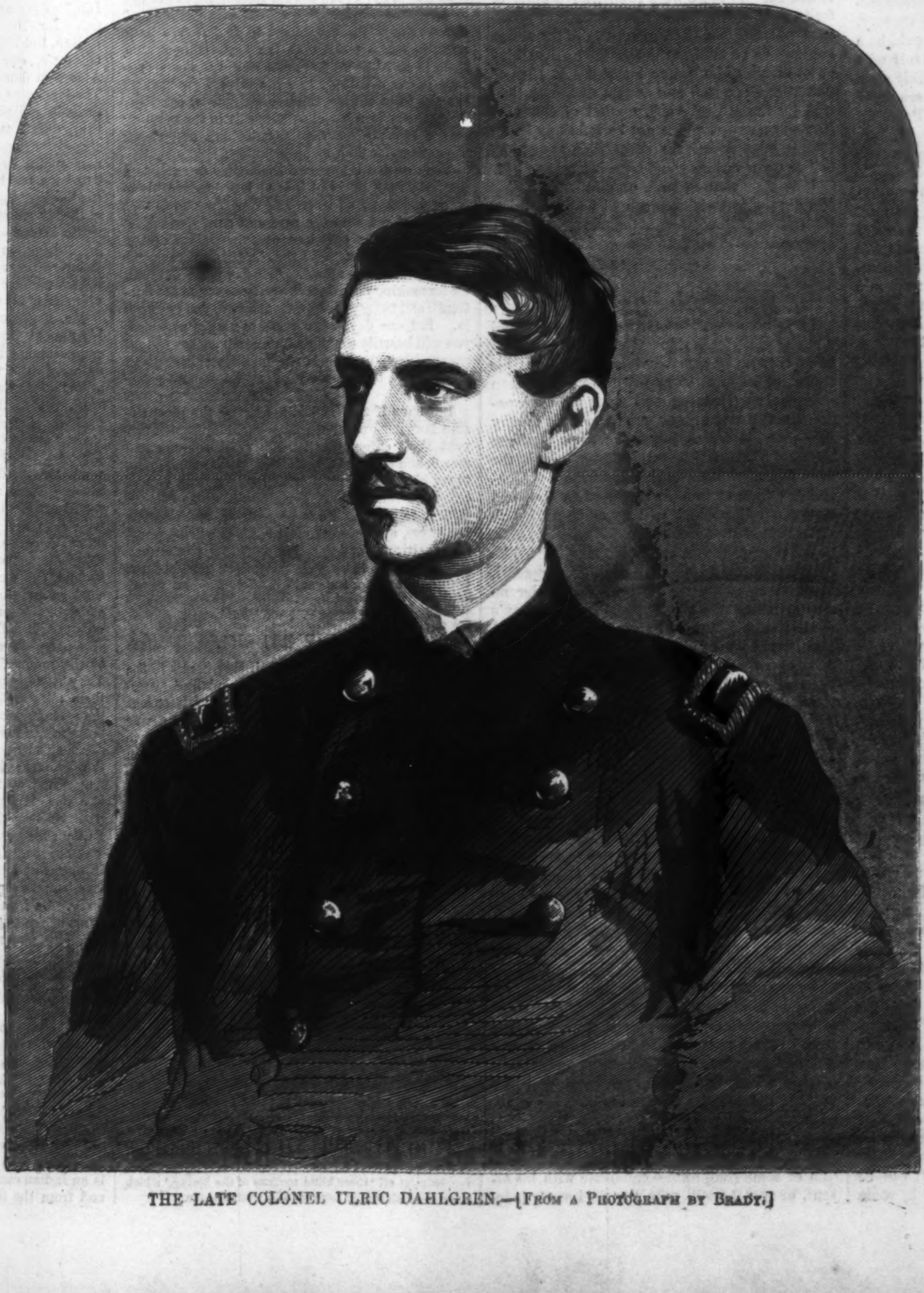
GENERAL CUSTER'S RAID.

WE present our readers this week, in a double page sketch by Mr. A. R. WAUD, several interesting scenes connected with General CUSTER's late movement against the rebels. This movement not only accomplished a successful diversion in favor of the commands directly engaged in KILPATRICK's raid, but served also the equally important purposes of a reconnoissance. "Leaving Madison Court House, a handsome town at the foot of the Blue Ridge," says our artist, who was the only civilian accompanying the expedition, "soon after midnight, CUSTER's command rapidly pushed on in the still night through a country alternately open and woodland toward the Rapidan. All went quietly until we reached Wolftown, where the Sixth Pennsylvania Cavalry, being in the advance, was fired upon by a rebel force; but drawing their sabres they dashed on, putting the enemy to flight without loss, and the head of the column soon reached the Rapidan. Having captured a wagon loaded with hams and two negroes, the command forded the river without opposition and pushed on, seizing all the horses on their way and all the male citizens—as a precaution against bushwhacking and to prevent information being given to the enemy.

"As we proceeded we found a tolerably well-cultivated and high rail-fenced country, the farmers plowing in the fields; when the horses were worth it they were taken in the name of the United States; and occasionally some of the men would make a descent upon the poultry while their officers were not looking. In one place a very handsome lady, quite young, expostulated loudly with a cavalryman for taking the farm-horses. 'My dear Miss,' said the soldier, 'we do not want to take your horses; ours are much better; and besides it goes against our feelings, but military necessity requires this step, and we are merely the agents of unrelenting destiny.' In spite of her concern the pretty creature laughed at such eloquence from a rough cavalryman.

"At a turn of the road we met a couple of children on a horse; that horse the men did not take: they looked too innocent to be molested. In the town of Stannardsville the people came out to see the procession, as if it were a show got up for their amusement. The men were exceedingly disgusted when they found they had to accompany the column as temporary prisoners. The female relatives of one person hung about him with outcries and shrieks, as if they imagined he would be led at once to execution. In the afternoon we reached and crossed the Rivanna River, and found the enemy in force near Charlottesville. A squadron of the Fifth regulars, under Captain ASH, scouting on our left, came so suddenly upon an artillery camp that the gunners had barely time to run off the guns by hand. Before they had recovered their surprise the camp was in flames, the caissons blown up, harness, forges, and battery-wagons destroyed, and our handful of dare-devils off again. At this time train after train came up from Gordonsville with troops, and the General recalled his column, which was at this time being shelled in a random way by the enemy's artillery, answered by our two little guns, which checked an effort to turn our left. Recrossing the river, the pioneers soon put the bridge in flames, and destroyed a large mill full of Government corn and meal, the enemy's infantry keeping up a wicked but harmless skirmish-fire the while. Returning, the troops were halted about four miles from the river to feed and rest. The night was rainy, and all had to lie upon the ground and get wet through. It was difficult to get fires to burn, and the rain began to freeze upon the limbs of the trees, so that by morning every thing appeared to be cased in crystal; and when the enemy's forces got in our way, to contest the return of the troops, the cannon-shot made a wonderful crashing among the frost-bound limbs of the forest. After two or three pretty little skirmishes, in which our troops invariably had the advantage, General CUSTER inveigled them down a wrong road, and then, having started them upon a false scent, quietly recrossed the Rapidan, without the loss of a man, and with but few wounded, bringing with him a large number of horses and refugees—colored people—and some thirty prisoners, soldiers; the civilians being all allowed to return to their homes when it was no longer possible for them to do us damage. Like lost children the command was welcomed back into the lines by the forces of General SEDGWICK, who was not without anxiety that we should be all used up when he heard the distant guns in the morning."

The account of CUSTER's movement given above by our artist represents faithfully the incidents that usually enliven a cavalry expedition within the enemy's lines. The most striking of these incidents he has related with the pencil. Thus he has given us a portrait of Captain ASH, who surprised STUART's camp. In this connection he has presented us a scene representing the destruction of the rebel caissons by Captain ASH's command. This was in the vicinity of Charlottesville, the point which our forces had reached when they were compelled, by the superior numbers of the enemy, to retrace their steps toward the Rapidan. The rear-guard, as General CUSTER's command was leaving Charlottesville, has also received its share of attention from Mr. WAUD. He has also sketched for our readers the burning of the mill at Stannardsville, which contained a great amount of grain belonging to the Confederacy; also the burning of the bridge across the Rivanna, one of the tributaries of the James. One of the skirmishes in which our troops were engaged with STUART's forces in the retreat has also been portrayed. Not the least pleasant of these *tableaux* is that one which represents the negroes leaving their plows in the field to join our troops in the movement Northward.



THE LATE COLONEL ULRIC DAHLGREN.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

MARCH WINDS.

Come out to the moors, little friend, with me,
For the March winds whistle right cheerily;
Shut the Latin books, now our task is done,
Out, out, and away for a scampering run.

Ah, wheugh, what a gust! Blow, Boreas, blow,
And set my young "rosy cheeks" all in a glow,
Play at "hide-and-seek" with his golden hair—
There is health in the touch of thee, Jolly March air.

It will brace your young limbs, little play-fellow mine,
And make your blue eyes like bright diamonds shine;
It will scatter your bonny brown curls out of place,
And bring the rich healthy blood into your face.

How the dead leaves rustle! Away, away,
To the hills for a game on this glorious day,
The green blades crunch crisp, yet the field-fares sing,
'Tis old Winter having a tussel with Spring.

Whist! away go the gray rabbits one by one,
With their white tails erect in a frenzy of fun,
Come along, little Tom, and we'll give them a chase,
Let us see which of us will be first in the race!

There's a cunning old raven sits looking at me,
From the high bare bough of yon withered tree,
The wary old fellow is out for a meal,
And *he* knows that *we* know he is longing to steal.

See the first of the lambs to the old ewe creeps,
And askant at the fondling the sly bird peeps,
But he dare not venture his bold attack
Till the mother sheep shall have turned her back.

Get away, cruel thief, shut your greedy beak,
'Tis a coward's act to assault the weak.
How he croaks, and he gloats on the old bare thorn,
Come, a good long shout! Ah, the rogue has gone.

O'er the rough plowed fields the gray plovers run,
And the purple violets nod at the fun,
In the sere dry brushwood the pheasants "whirr,"
And the sleepy red squirrel is getting astir.

What a famous wind! How the high elms shake;
How the tall, slim poplars quiver and quake;
How the chattering rooks to the tree-tops swarm,
Like rudderless ships blown about in a storm.

Come on, little friend, we are both in a glow,
While our arms are strong, and our legs can go,
And our voices can make the old woodlands ring:
What need we of wealth? We are each a king!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, March 26, 1864.

A DANGER.

THE manifesto of the "War Democracy," as the Tammany party likes to be called, has one proposition which should be very thoughtfully pondered by the citizens of this country. It declares that the next President should be a military man. Yet if the country is truly wise it will never elect a chief magistrate merely upon the ground of military success. The school of the soldier is not the school in which a President of the United States should be trained. Military success dazzles a nation accustomed to despotic rule, but it ought not to deceive a free people who govern themselves. In a warlike community the triumphant chief is naturally the most captivating figure, but in a peaceful free society the qualities of the soldier are by no means those which are best fitted for the work of government.

That those who best serve the country should be most highly honored is true; but that a century ago any British General in the field or Admiral upon the sea better served England than Lord Chatham, who directed the Government, would be difficult to prove. Military success, however essential, however indispensable, is not necessarily the highest service. Military heroes, however pure, however single-hearted, however noble, are, by the necessity of the case, accustomed to regard their own will as law, and will inevitably incline to govern a country as if it were an army. If Washington was an exception to this rule, Jackson was not; and Washington was exceptional among men.

Emerging from any great war, and especially from a civil struggle, the devotion of an army and its officers to their chief is an incentive to personal ambition, and a danger to civil liberty so vast and obvious that it needs but to be named; for History is the record of governments overthrown and people subjugated by victorious military leaders. But we are not driven to ancient or even modern history to find the evidence of these truths. The spirit which solicits a military head of the Government is simply that of despotism. The ascendency so long maintained in this country by the Southern Policy, under the auspices of what was called "the Democracy," was due to the absolute annihilation of the fundamental right of a free government—the right of debate. And when, under the same name, a plea is made for a military Presidential candidate, it ought to surprise no man that the most ardent supporter of the proposition says plainly of one of the Generals of our armies: "He must have as little respect for these wretches as Cæsar had for those in Rome." By the word "wretches" he describes the lawful, constitutional authorities of the Government, and he calls upon a military leader to set them aside as Napoleon did the Convention and Cromwell the Parliament.

This is the spirit from which a military candidacy springs. It is impatience of constitutional rule. It is the instinct of despotism. Let us hope that the people of this country, in so momentous a crisis as the present, will be governed in the election of a President by some principle more profound than mere enthusiasm for a soldier. When the soldier has shown the qualities for civil rule that Washington displayed, he may justly aspire to the chair that Washington filled.

MR. CHASE.

The letter of Mr. Chase, in which he asks that no further consideration be given to his name as a Presidential candidate, will surprise no one who has watched his patriotic course. The Presidency could not win him a higher honor than that of the masterly management of the national treasury during this war; and it is to the universal conviction of his great fitness for the office he fills, and the doubt where an adequate successor could be found, that much of the reluctance of the popular response to his nomination was to be attributed. Himself an essential part of the Administration which is now upon trial before the country, it could hardly be supposed that he seriously differed from its general policy, or that an Administration of which he should be the head would radically change that policy. While, therefore, he agreed upon the whole, it was certainly wiser to do as he has done.

Whatever honors may yet await him, Mr. Chase will be known in our history as one of the most eminent of the leaders who early saw and always resisted the mortal peril which menaced the American Union and human civilization from the essential character of the spirit which now seeks its overthrow. Called into a vitally important responsibility in the Government when the struggle began, he has fulfilled it with singular ability. Nor will it be named among the least of his claims to the permanent regard of his countrymen that, in the midst of the great war, he saw so clearly the necessity of devoting every energy and effort to the suppression of the rebellion, that he would not allow any preference of his friends for his personal advantage to perplex the great issue. It would have been his duty to do so, however, had he felt that the public safety was imperiled.

We differ entirely from those who regret his withdrawal upon the ground that every man's candidacy should remain open until the nomination. We are to deal with facts, and the fact is that the Union candidate will certainly be one of three or four conspicuous gentlemen already indicated. If there were comparative unity of feeling—if, surrendering minor points of difference and criticism, the Union party of the nation could move forward to the election as the Union party of New Hampshire lately did to that of Governor Gilmore, and as that of Connecticut will, on the 4th of April, to that of Governor Buckingham—would it not be infinitely better for the country and the cause than the ardent debate upon various candidates is likely to be?

It is upon that ground, unquestionably, that Mr. Chase has withdrawn, and for that reason his course will command the sincerest public approval.

GENERAL FRÉMONT.

It is no secret that General Frémont and many of his friends think that he has been unfairly treated by the Administration; that his opportunities of military distinction have been systematically baffled; and whatever explanation the General himself might give, it is very sure that his ardent personal friends attribute his treatment to political jealousy. It is the same feeling that the immediate friends of General M'Clellan indulge in regard to him, and it is a question which will never be settled to the satisfaction of either side.

We observe that some Union men, who, like the German-American Club of the Seventeenth Ward in this city, are resolved that under no circumstances will they support Mr. Lincoln's re-election, are disposed to erect the name of Frémont as a candidate in any case; and a journal, recently established, attacks the Government with the fury of the most malignant Copperhead writers, and plainly points to Frémont as its candidate, while the chuckling Copperheads warmly applaud the "Frémont diversion."

Now Frémont has been a charmed name because it stood for unswerving fidelity to Liberty and Union; and to suggest that it could be used as a rallying cry to divide Union men, after they had deliberately decided who was to bear their standard, is insulting both to the General and to his friends. No candidate has any prescriptive right to the nomination. The field is clear; and it is of transcendent importance that the question of fitness shall be thoroughly discussed in every case. That General Frémont may choose to try the popular confidence in his name so far as to await the action of the Convention is very probable. But that a man, who has been so truly respected, and who, when he was a candidate, was so faithfully supported by as earnest a body of men as ever voted, will permit his name to be used in any manner whatever as a menace—that he will allow any considerable number of persons to declare either that the national Convention must nominate him or some compromise candidate with his assent, or that he will take the field as an independent candidate, we no more believe than we should believe any other imputation upon his perfect patriotism.

A SOPHISM.

"If the spring campaign is successful, nothing can prevent Mr. Lincoln's renomination. If it fails, nothing can secure it," says some one.

That may be true; but it certainly does not follow that the change, however inevitable, will be advantageous. Governor Seymour is a specimen of the kind of candidate that comes in upon a tide of general disgust and reaction. The President will unquestionably be held responsible for any disaster which may occur, and the public indignation may very probably demand that his place be filled by another. That he ought to be held officially responsible we are very far from saying or thinking. But we ask the gentlemen who deprecate any discussion of the Presidential question, and who declare that Mr. Lincoln's renomination is impossible in case of defeat, whom they propose as his successor? Nothing is so uncertain as the event of a battle, and the fortune of war is a proverb. In the spring campaign we may suffer reverses. In that case there must be a new President, say the gentlemen. But is it worth while to take one at hazard? If the case occurs we shall need, more than ever, exactly the right man. Are we to know him by instinct? If so, who is he? "Oh! there are twenty men." Yes—and so there are twenty hundred. That is no answer—it is merely a poor evasion.

If the text be true, no man who urges it is justified in refraining from the fullest discussion of the Presidential question. For the contingency suggested is not impossible. Should it arise, do we prefer to find ourselves at a loss among the twenty or twenty hundred? Is it not rather the part of trusty and loyal and prudent citizens to consider most carefully what hand is fittest to take the helm if the storm shall wash the pilot overboard?

ABOMINABLE GOOD-NATURE.

There is something very pathetic and utterly futile in the periodical spasms of New York indignation with overcrowded cars and omnibuses. "Brave!" said a caustic critic as he saw people crowding into an omnibus when it was full. "Brave, indeed! Why, we Americans haven't pluck enough to keep the thirteenth man out of an omnibus." But we are trying very hard to do it. We have actually sent a petition to the Legislature asking them to do what we don't dare to. Let us hope the Legislature will reply that if twelve New Yorkers can not keep out the thirteenth from an omnibus, or if twenty in a car choose submit to the tyranny of the twenty-first, they may submit and thank themselves for their own discomfort.

You say that it is very disagreeable to exclude a person. So it is. But it is no less disagreeable to be excluded. And when half New York finds that it can not get into the cars and omnibuses, New York will have sufficient accommodation of the kind. "My dear," says the chastising parent, "I punish you for your good. One day you will thank me for making you smart." So let us say to the thirteenth and twenty-first: "Gentlemen, you can't get in. But one day, when you are amply provided, you will heartily thank us." The advantage is, that every citizen in turn is the luckless thirteenth or twenty-first, so that we shall all know how pleasant it is.

But even if the Legislature passes the most solemn laws our own abominable good-nature will prevent their enforcement. We shall squeeze and crowd, and feel sure that the thirteenth man is going to see his dying parent, or will miss a boat, or will encounter some frightful calamity if we do not suffer him to get in. So in he will get, and sit upon the knees, and grind the feet of his chicken-hearted fellow-citizens, and then jump off at his street and run crowing in to his wife, "My dear, nobody dared to keep me out of the car!"

A NEW THING.

The British officers took their race-horses to the Peninsula, and General Napier complained bitterly that the luxury of the officers in the East was destroying the army. The Yankees make war after their own fashion, and carry *their* luxuries to the field. A gentleman was lately surprised by a letter inviting him to speak before the Lecture Association of the First Division, Second Corps, of the Army of the Potomac! This is the kind of army which the Union sends forth to fight its battles. These are the soldiers who carry brains as well as bullets to subdue the rebellion. This is the spirit and the strength against which hate and desperate fury are powerless. It has taken some time for the Yankee genius to uncoil itself. But an army which so calmly addresses itself to its work as to construct the Lecture Lyceum in camp, serves notice upon the world that it has gone out to stay until it is victorious. It has under its placid exterior the grim earnestness of the exhorting Ironsides of Cromwell.

FROM CHATTANOOGA.

A friendly lettter from the head-quarters of the Army of the Cumberland is full of the most alluring temptations to a visit:

> "About the 1st of April we can show you green grass, and smelling buds, and other evidences of spring, wherever our soldiers have left enough vegetation to sprout, or to recognize at all 'those blind motions of the Spring,' which come so much earlier here than in your latitude.
>
> "You will find this army in an admirable condition as to spirits, hopefulness, and a determination to finish the war under the guidance of 'good Father Abraham,' as the most ardent lover of his country can desire."

No man can doubt that the great armies of the West and East, by which the campaign is to be decided, are the most powerful and effective we have ever had in the field. The brave men among the Tennessee mountains know that the hopes and prayers of the sea-coast follow them; and the host in the shadow of the Blue Ridge are ready for their work. The Blue Ridge will reply to the Alleghanies, as

"Jura answers from her misty shroud
Back to the joyous Alps, that call to her aloud."

GENERAL CUSTER'S RAID.

In another part of this paper there are illustrations of General Custer's late diversion in favor of Kilpatrick, and an account of it so simple and graphic that we are glad to call attention to it as a model of intelligible description.

HARPER FOR APRIL.

In the April number of the Magazine begins the story, "Denis Duval," left unfinished by Thackeray when he died. Dickens has said what he thinks of it, and we have no doubt that the public will confirm his verdict. Its interest is profound and pathetic, as the great fragment of his literary life, while from the opening of the work his step is so light and free that the reader understands how fully he was himself and enjoying his work. In the same number there is a most genial and sensible plea for the children, enforcing the text that they are to be treated *as* children; or, as the old grandfather is quoted as saying, "Babies *ort* to be brooded jest like chickens." Another paper, "My Escape from Richmond," is a timely and graphic passage of military experience.

In the *June* number, which begins the volume, the new tale of Charles Dickens will open. We advise our readers to begin it with the beginning, and to secure the regular reading by a prompt subscription to the new volume.

THE NEW PICTURES.

The Sanitary Fair will have a picture-gallery in which there will be admirable works, and the National Academy will open its doors in April. Meanwhile there are pictures to be seen worthy of the most careful study. Three we have in mind at this moment—Kensett's "Lake George," Bierstadt's "Rocky Mountains," and Thorndike's "Wayside Inn." They are all very American and very different. Mr. Thorndike's picture, indeed, is now in Boston, but there is a charming photograph of it at Goupil's, one of the truest and most exquisite American domestic winter bits that we remember. The landscape is muffled in snow. The huge comfortable gable-roofed inn sits broad and snug upon the ground, tucked in by the drifts, and unconsciously suggesting a homely comfort and spaciousness which belong to the ideal country tavern. The barn and hay-stack near by—chapel of ease to the Yankee temple of comfort—the exquisite tracery of the boughs of the trees against the gray sky—the rustic bridge—the gentle hill—the brook, and the boy fishing through the ice—all compose a picture so interesting and characteristic that the poet's publishers will greatly err if they do not make it the vignette of all future editions of the poem.

Mr. Kensett's "Lake George" is now upon exhibition at Goupil's. It was painted for a noted connoisseur, who understands that one of the chief duties of those who are able to buy pictures is to let others see them. It is a thoroughly characteristic work, representing upon a large scale a certain aspect of American climate and scenery which no painter so exquisitely renders. The view is down the lake toward Caldwell. The fore-ground is a wood, traversed by a small stream which falls in a lovely cascade upon its way to enter the lake; and the gleam of the lake, broken by the islands, dotted with sails, and walled by the mountains upon the other side, complete the picture. The firm and faithful treatment of the single tree-trunks in the fore-ground, the perfect quality of the rocks, the clear shadows and the sunny greenness of the forest aisle, are points of artistic excellence which will escape no one. But the exquisite gradation, the delicate airy perspective, the depth of the sky, the fidelity of the mountain forms, are not less remarkable. Yet above them all, and in them all, and through them all, are the spirit and splendor of Nature in the serene triumph of her summer repose. And it is Nature in her American costume. It is not Italy, nor the Orient, nor Switzerland, nor England, nor the Tropics; it is the clear-breathed, soft-skied America of every day and of common experience. It is pure landscape also. Nothing wins the mind from its brooding delight in the tranquil scene. Fancy follows the bounding deer which the eye does not see. It lingers around the invisible camps. It muses upon the dusky departing race. It remembers the gay Sabbath flotilla of Abercrombie's army. It hears Ethan Allen thundering in the name of the Continental Congress. Or, still receding, glides along the calm with the canoe of the Jesuit explorers. Thus it has the highest charm of landscape art, the undisturbed presentation of the scene leading on to all its historical and imaginative associations.

From this most thoughtful and masterly work the transition is not difficult to Bierstadt's "Rocky Mountains," which is no less thoroughly American. It is a scene upon the head waters of the Colorado at the foot of the great range of the Wind River Mountains, which fill the depth of the canvas, pouring the rills and streams from their sides and glaciers into the calm lake, upon whose broad green meadow, which forms the fore-ground of the picture, is an Indian camp. It is purely an American scene, and from the faithful and elaborate delineation of the Indian village, a form of life now rapidly disappearing from the earth, may be truly called a historic landscape. It is the curtained continent, with its sublime natural forms and its rude savage human life; nor do we recall any work in which the subject is so strikingly presented. It is an extremely interesting picture, stimulating the imagination and satisfying curiosity. And unlike Mr. Church's pictures of the equatorial mountain scenery of America, which from their volcanic and tropical character, however luxuriant, yet forbid hope and leave an impression of profound sadness and desolation, this work of Bierstadt's inspires the temperate cheerfulness and promise of the region it depicts, and the imagination contemplates it as the possible seat of supreme civilization.

It is a most interesting pendant to the "Lake George" of Mr. Kensett. And who now will undertake the Prairie and the Mississippi Valley with the same thoughtful skill; or the bayous of the Gulf and the Everglades? Are not these, also, the kind of picture which should adorn the Capitol?

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

What horn produces the most discordant music?—The drinking horn.

A romantic young man says that a woman's heart is like the moon—it changes continually, but always has a man in it.

A matter-of-fact philosopher asserts that "Love is to domestic life what butter is to bread—it possesses little nourishment in itself, but gives substantials a grand relish, without which they would be hard to swallow."

Two countrymen went into a hatter's to buy one of them a hat. They were delighted with the sample, inside the crown of which was inserted a looking-glass. "What is the glass for?" said one of the men. The other, impatient at such a display of rural ignorance, exclaimed: "What for? why for the man who buys the hat to see how it fits him."

A girl, hearing the lady of the house, at dinner, ask her husband to bring *Dombey and Son* with him when he came home to tea, laid two extra plates on the supper-table for the supposed visitors.

"How many years have you been dumb?" said a gentleman to an Irish beggar. "Five years, plase your honor," answered the mendicant, completely taken off his guard by the question.

The youth who stole a kiss has been discharged on condition that he will not embrace another opportunity.

The bellman of Watertown, in announcing a temperance-meeting, said it would be addressed by six women "who had never spoken before."

Voltaire says: "A physician is an unfortunate gentleman who is every day called upon to perform a miracle—to reconcile health with intemperance."

"'Wanted, expert needle-women to make babies' bodies!'—Well, that beats all!" exclaimed Mrs. Partington, throwing down the newspaper in which, during the last fifteen minutes, she had been spelling out the advertisements, and peering indignantly over her spectacles across the breakfast-table at Ike, who was busily occupied in excavating his fourth egg-shell. "Did ever any body hear the likes! I always said it was as good as tellin' Natur' she didn't know how to do her own work when they instructed steam-rams and donkey-engines. But this imposterous idea of makin' slop-work babies is enough to make the poor thing throw down her tools and shut up shop altogether. Mark my words, Ike—them sewin'-machines will be pressed into this 'ere new-fangled business afore long; and then all the emigratin' in the world won't be able to keep down the surplice poppylation."

Charles Lamb's opinion of the water-cure: "It is neither new nor wonderful, for it is as old as the deluge, when, in my opinion, it killed more than it cured."

In spite of the ill-founded contempt which Dr. Johnson professed to entertain for actors, he treated Mrs. Siddons with great politeness; and when she called on him in Bolt Court, and his servant could not immediately provide her with a chair, he said, "You see, madam, wherever you go there are no seats to be got."

CAUGHT A TARTAR.

"Have you any first-rate servant-girls for the kitchen? I want one that can mind her own business and attend to her work." Jones asked the question of a registry-office keeper.

"Oh yes," said the proprietor, "any quantity; let me show you one."

Jones is at once introduced to a daughter of the Emerald Isle, and is greeted with,

"An' does yer want a servant?"

"Yes," says Jones.

"How many have yer in yer family?"

Jones answered.

"And hev yer hot and cold water?"

Answers again.

"How many children hev yer? Do yer make yer girls wash Sundays? Is the church far away?"

All these questions, with about fifty more, were answered heroically by Jones, when he thought it about time to take the laboring oar himself.

"You look," says Jones, "like a pretty nice girl; but I want to ask you one question. Do you play the piano?"

"No."

"Then," says Jones, blandly, "you won't answer my turn."

And away went the astonished Celt, feeling that she for once had caught a Tartar.

A pretender to science seriously maintained, one day in company, that the sun did not make a revolution round the world, either real or apparent; but that, having performed its journey from east to west, it came back again to be in readiness against morning. "How is it, then," it was asked, "that we never see it on its return?" "Because the journey is performed by night," he gravely replied.

When you see a man's likeness in a photographic album, it is a clear proof that he has been "taken off" with a stroke of the sun.

A photographic friend of ours, returning from giving a lady of high rank lessons in the art-science, and having a lens and camera in his hand, paused at the corner of a vehicle-crowded street, awaiting an opportunity of crossing the road. Beside him stood a coster-monger, selling fruit in a barrow. "Been a forty-graphin', Sir?" inquired the fruit-vendor. "Why, yes, I have, my good fellow," returned our friend. "Ah," responded the coster-monger, with a mournful shake of his greasy cap and dirty head, "I was a fortygraphy wunce, I wos! I had a place down at King's Cross, and I tooked a deal of money wunce; but hit falled off, yer see, Sir; there's sich a lot on 'em now! that's why I gived hit up." "Indeed!" ejaculated our friend, with a smile, as he thought of the amateur photographer he had just left, and the brother in the art then addressing him. "Yes," continued he of the barrow, "it ain't wot it used to wos, ain't fortygraphy."

A young gentleman was fondling his betrothed's hand. "I hope it is not counterfeit," he said. "The best way to test it is to *ring* it," was her reply.

EPIGRAM.

Since Tom went first to law with Ned,
And made the sad attack,
'Tis said he scarce has had a *coat*
To put upon his back:
But, verily, the case is such,
That Tom has had a *suit* too much.

Club.—A bundle of sticks with a few *nobs* at the top.

"Jennie," said a venerable Cameronian to his daughter, who was asking his consent to accompany her urgent and favored suitor to the altar—"Jennie, it's a very solemn thing to get married." "I know it, father," replied the sensible damsel; "but it's a great deal solemner not to."

He who lives with a good wife becomes better thereby, as those who lie down among violets arise with the perfume upon their garments.

Munden, the actor, was once, at a dinner party, placed before a haunch of venison and requested to carve it. "Really, gentlemen," said he, "I do declare I know very little about table anatomy; I dare say, now, there is some particular cut in a haunch—some tid-bit—I dare say there is—but I assure you I am quite ignorant where to pick for it." A dozen knives instantly started from the cloth, and Munden was instructed where the rich meat lay. He uttered a long string of thanks, worked out a prime slice, loaded it with sauce and jelly, and then, with the plate in his hand, looked through his glasses round the table. Every hand was ready, and every mouth prepared. "Really, gentlemen," said the comedian, "I wish I could please you; but if I give the tid-bit to one, I shall offend the rest; so egad," added he, "I'll keep it myself, and let every gentleman help himself to what he likes best."

Which, on the face of the earth, is the best place for a sleeping infant?—The Rock-y Mountains.

If a young woman bids you take heart, you can probably take hers.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

Senate.—*March* 9. Mr. Wilson reported from the Military Committee a substitute for Mr. Carlile's resolutions on the war, declaring "that the object of the war is the subjugation of the rebels in arms to the rightful authority of the United States; that in the prosecution of the war the United States may adopt whatever measures, not inconsistent with the rules of civilized warfare, may be deemed necessary to secure the public safety now and hereafter;" and approving the Emancipation Proclamation as a necessary and legitimate war measure.—Mr. Sherman reported the House joint resolution to authorize the Secretary of the Treasury to anticipate the payment of interest on the public debt, with an amendment as follows: "And he is hereby authorized to dispose of any gold in the Treasury of the United States not necessary for the payment of interest on the public debt."—Mr. Davis spoke in favor of his amendment to the bill equalizing the pay of colored troops, allowing the District Courts to appoint commissioners to ascertain and award to loyal owners a just valuation for their slaves.——*March* 10. A bill was passed giving the franking privilege to the President and Vice-President.—Mr. Sumner, from the Committee on Slavery and Freedmen, reported a bill providing that the Proclamation of Emancipation issued by the President of the United States January 1, 1863, so far as the same declares that the slaves in certain designated States and parts of States thenceforward should be free, is hereby adopted and enacted as a statute of the United States, and as a rule and article for the government of the military and naval forces thereof.—Mr. Sherman, debating his amendment to the House resolution for the sale of surplus gold, argued that speculation in gold would be prevented by giving Mr. Chase the authority proposed.—Mr. Pomeroy addressed the Senate at length in reference to the circular lately issued urging Mr. Chase's claims for the Presidency. He denied that the circular was in any respect secret, and said distinctly that Mr. Chase had nothing whatever to do with it. Mr. Pomeroy maintained that the only safety from menacing dangers would be found in a hearty co-operation of the people in a vigorous prosecution of the war and the support of the most radical anti-slavery policy. Mr. Pomeroy reprobated the policy of Mr. Lincoln as slow and timid, and argued that disasters would continue to settle upon our arms so long as the Administration clung to its present "declared impolicies."—Mr Davis's amendment to the bill equalizing the pay of soldiers, black and white, was rejected, and the bill passed, only six Senators voting Nay.——*March* 11. A message was received from the President establishing the initial point of the Union Pacific Railway "on the western boundary of the State of Iowa, east of and opposite to the east line of Section Ten, in the Township Fifteen, north of Range Thirteen, east of the sixth principal meridian in the Territory of Nebraska."—The joint resolution authorizing the sale of surplus gold, after debate, was passed, 30 to 8, with an amendment that the Secretary of the Treasury shall only anticipate the payment of interest on the public debt "for a period not exceeding a year, from time to time."—The Postal Appropriation bill for the current fiscal year was passed.——*March* 12. The Senate was not in session.——*March* 14. Mr. Saulsbury reported an amendment to the Patent Act of 1863, designed to afford relief to inventors or assignees who have failed to perfect their patents through neglect to pay in season the final fee, by allowing them six months more in which to pay such fee.—Mr. Grimes introduced a bill in relation to naval supplies, providing for the appointment at each navy-yard of a Disbursing and Purchasing Agent, a Naval Store-keeper, and an Inspector and Receiver, who shall take charge of all supplies except those for the bureaus of Medicine and Surgery, Provisions and Clothing, and Navigation and Ordnance.—The West Point Academy Appropriation bill was passed, with amendments providing that no cadet shall receive any part of the appropriation unless appointed according to the laws of Congress, and that until the suppression of the rebellion the President shall be authorized to appoint from unrepresented districts such deserving young soldiers in the armies of the United States as he may select. During the consideration of this bill a debate occurred as to the policy of the Administration in the appointment of army officers—Mr. Davis charging that the President was governed by political considerations. Mr. Wilson, replying, said our Generals do not receive their appointments because of their support of the Administration, but as a matter of public policy. At the beginning of the contest the Administration desired to bring to its support men of all parties, and in the first year of the war it was much easier for a Democrat to receive an appointment than one who voted for Mr. Lincoln. At the last session, out of 6855 nominations which came before the Military Committee, composed of four Republicans and three Democrats, there was never a divided vote, and the same was the case in this session in the examination of 2000 cases. The Administration in its military appointments sought to do justice without regard to opinions. Mr. Conness cited the case of California, where six Generals had been appointed, all of whom were Democrats, among them the present General-in-Chief and General Hooker.——*March* 15. Mr. Sumner presented the petition of one thousand citizens of Louisiana of African descent, to be allowed to vote in the reorganization of Louisiana. The petition represents that all are owners of property, many engaged in the pursuits of commerce, paying taxes for forty-nine years on an assessment of fifteen millions of dollars, and that at the call of Governor Shepley they raised the first colored regiment in forty-eight hours.—Mr. M'Dougall offered a resolution, which was agreed to, requesting the President to communicate to the Senate any correspondence or other information in the possession of the Government relating to any plan or plans having a view to the establishment of monarchical governments in Central or South America.—Mr. Doolittle introduced an act to amend the act of June 7, 1862, for the collection of direct taxes in insurrectionary districts. The bill provides that, under the sales of the Tax Commissioners in such districts, a writ may issue to said Commissioner to the Marshal of said district commanding him to put the purchaser in possession of said property. Property as above purchased by the United States may be divided into parcels of fifty acres, and pre-emption rights granted to persons for meritorious services in the crushing of the rebellion, who shall have resided in the States where the lands lie.—Mr. Sumner's amendment to the Consular and Diplomatic bill, raising the rank of the Minister resident at Belgium (Mr. Sandford) to a Minister Plenipotentiary, without corresponding pay, was adopted. Amendments were also adopted increasing the salaries of the Consuls of Shanghae, Nassau, Lyons, and Manchester.

House.—*March* 9. The Committee on Ways and Means was directed to inquire into the expediency of so changing the law as not to exempt United States bonds from State and municipal taxation.—A bill was passed for the protection of emigrants to the Territories, authorizing the distribution of arms, accoutrements, and munitions by the Secretary of War to all emigrants passing through hostile Indian countries.—A bill to established a Bureau of Military Justice, to be connected with the War Department, was passed. The Bureau is to be composed of a Judge Advocate-General, with the rank of Brigadier-General, and two assistants, with the rank of Colonel.—The Joint Resolution tendering the thanks of Congress to Major-General George Thomas and the officers and men under him for bravery at Chicamanga, was passed, with an amendment also thanking General Rosecrans.—The Military Committee reported a bill making the Camden and Atlantic Railroad, with the branches built and to be built, and the Raritan and Delaware Bay Railroad, public highways, and recognizing said roads as a post and military route.——*March* 10. Mr. Arnold introduced a bill providing for such appropriations for harbors on the Northern lakes and Western rivers as are necessary to preserve them in good condition.—A bill to abolish the Court of Claims was introduced.—A bill was passed giving to the Revolutionary pensioners each one hundred dollars annually, to commence from the 1st of January last and continue during their natural lives, in addition to the pensions to which they are entitled under former acts of Congress.—The Senate bill placing the name of John L. Burns, of Gettysburg, on the pension rolls for patriotic services in the battle of that place, was passed.—Mr. Arnold, from the Committee on Canals and Roads, reported a bill for the constructon of a ship canal for army and naval vessels from the Mississippi River to the Western lakes and for other purposes, which was postponed to a future day.—A bill was introduced granting pensions to the surviving soldiers of the War of 1812.——*March* 11. The Senate bill, the better to carry out the law regulating trade and intercourse in the Indian country, so as more effectually to exclude spirits and wines from the Indians, was passed.—The Executive, Legislative, and Judicial appropriation bill, which provides mainly for salaries heretofore fixed by law, was passed.—Mr. Julian reported an amendment to the Homestead Law, designed to facilitate certain preliminary steps in pre-empting lands.——*March* 12. The day was occupied in making and hearing speeches on the general policy of the war.——*March* 14. Mr. Arnold introduced a bill providing for permanent peace by abolishing slavery in all the States and Territories where it now exists.—The Naval Committee was instructed to inquire into the propriety of fixing the proposed new naval dépôt on the Delaware River, at or near the town of Newcastle, Delaware.—Mr. Cox introduced a bill to prevent officers of the Army and Navy and other persons engaged in the military and naval service of the United States interfering in elections in the States.—A resolution was adopted instructing the Committee on Rules to consider the propriety of so amending the rules as to compel all members to vote when the yeas and nays are called.—The Military Committee was instructed to inquire into the expediency and necessity of increasing the cavalry force of our army by immediately raising 50,000 volunteers for that arm of the service.—The House passed the bill for the payment of nearly $193,000 to the Chippewa, Ottawa, and Pottawatomie Indians residing in Michigan.—The Gold bill, as amended in the Senate, was taken up, and speeches were made in opposition to it by Messrs. Kernan, Pruyn, Cox, and Boutwell, who opposed placing in the hands of one man the power lodged by this bill with the Secretary of the Treasury. The bill was not finally disposed of.——*March* 15. The Senate bill giving the franking privilege to the President and Vice-President was passed.—A bill to establish Assay Offices in Navada Territory and at Portland, Oregon, was reported.—Ten thousand copies of General Meade's report of the battle of Gettysburg were ordered to be printed.—The consideration of the Gold bill was resumed. During the debate, a letter was read from Mr. Chase to the effect that he believed the passage of the bill would restrain speculation. Mr. Griswold and others advocated the passage of the bill, which was opposed by Messrs. Allen, Price, and Denison. A vote was not reached.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

The military situation remains unchanged. It is intimated, however, in well-informed quarters, that important movements will soon be made. General Grant visited Washington on the 8th instant, and had a conference with the Secretary of War and General Halleck, and subsequently had an important consultation with General Meade at the head-quarters of the Army of the Potomac, whence he returned on the 11th, and immediately started for the West. He will, it is probable, direct a movement of all our armies according to a plan of his own. Preparatory to any movement in the East, it is hinted that the Army of the Potomac will be reorganized. On the 14th inst. the President issued an order retiring Major-General Halleck from the position of General-in-Chief, and assigning Lieutenant-General Grant to the command of the armies of the United States, with head-quarters in Washington, and also with the Lieutenant-General in the field. General Halleck is to be chief of staff under the Secretary of War and the Lieutenant-General. Major-General W. T. Sherman is to command the military division of the Mississippi, composed of the Departments of the Ohio, the Cumberland, the Tennessee, and the Arkansas. Major-General M'Pherson is placed in command of the Department and army of the Tennessee.

From the Southwest we have intimations of a new movement, the object of which is not yet officially disclosed, though Shreveport, Louisiana, is supposed to be the point aimed at. General Sherman left Vicksburg on the 28th ult. for New Orleans, where he had a consultation with General Banks and other officers, in reference, it is supposed, to the details of the projected movement. He has since returned North. Troops, meanwhile, are returning from Texas to New Orleans, and a formidable fleet of iron-clads is collecting at the mouth of the Red River.

ANOTHER CALL FOR TROOPS.

On the 15th inst. President Lincoln issued a call for 200,000 men for the military service—Army, Navy, and Marine Corps—to be raised by volunteering, or, in default, by draft on the 15th of April—the present bounties to be paid until April 1. The men called for are required for the navy, and to provide an adequate reserve force for all contingencies. The proportional quotas for the various towns, cities, and districts will be made known at the earliest possible moment.

SUCCESSFUL EXPEDITION IN GENERAL BUTLER'S DEPARTMENT.

On the 11th instant, General Butler sent two regiments of cavalry to King and Queen County, Virginia, to chastise the citizens, who had participated in the ambuscade of Colonel Dahlgren's command, elsewhere referred to. The expedition defeated and dispersed, with severe loss, the Fifth and Ninth Virginia cavalry, capturing their camps, killing a number of the enemy, taking seventy prisoners, and burning a number of mills and storehouses filled with supplies and arms.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S EXPEDITION.

The details of General Sherman's expedition show it to have been one of the most important successes of the war. It failed, indeed, to reach Selma, Alabama, owing to the want of co-operation from General Smith's cavalry force, but the destruction of rebel property and of their railway communications inflicted an amount of damage fully compensating for all the difficulties and cost of the expedition. The results may be briefly stated as follows: The army marched 400 miles in 24 days, penetrating to Meridian, Mississippi, where it destroyed the rebel arsenal, stocked with valuable machinery for the manufacture of small-arms and all sorts of ordnance stores, and burned twelve extensive Government sheds, a number of warehouses filled with military stores and ammunition, several grist-mills with 20,000 bushels of corn, and nearly every building occupied in any way for war purposes. The towns of Enterprise, Marion, Quitman, Hillsboro, Lake Station, Decatur, Breton, and others were devastated; while dépôts, flour-mills, cotton, bridges, at all points on the route, were either destroyed or rendered useless to the enemy. The seizure of Meridian alone is said to have been worth fifty millions of dollars to the Government. The Mobile and Ohio Railroad was destroyed for fifty-six miles, and all other roads within reach of our forces were damaged beyond repair. A large number of locomotives and several trains of cars were also destroyed. The Mobile and Ohio Road, which was so thoroughly destroyed, was considered by engineers to be the finest built road in the United States, costing $50,000 per mile. It was built principally by English capitalists, and George Peabody, the London banker, owned several thousand shares. The destruction of this road will prevent the rebels from reinforcing Mobile by rail, and effectually cuts off the fertile region of country in Northern Mississippi from which the rebels derived immense subsistence supplies.

Nearly ten thousand slaves were liberated by the expedition, six thousand of whom accompanied it on its return to Vicksburg. The entire loss of the expedition did not exceed fifty men in killed and wounded, with about one hundred captured.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Our forces in Florida are in good condition, and active operations are expected to be renewed shortly.

The rebels in North Carolina having recently hung twenty-one Union soldiers, the loyal North Carolina regiment in that State have notified their officers that they mean to retaliate, in kind, upon all rebel prisoners who may fall into their hands.

Suffolk, Virginia, was reoccupied by Federal troops on the 10th instant.

Our forces in East Tennessee have penetrated some sixty miles beyond Knoxville, but have found no considerable body of the enemy. The North Carolina Cherokees, formerly in the rebel service, have laid down their arms and made peace with our authorities, under the Amnesty Proclamation.

A detachment from General Custer's cavalry command dispersed a gang of guerrillas, capturing twenty of the number, in Madison County, Virginia, a few days since.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE WAR IN SCHLESWIG.

The Conference proposed by England on the Schleswig-Holstein difficulty, on the basis of guaranteeing the authority as well as the indivisibility of the Duchies, and preserving the territorial arrangements hitherto existing, has been declined by Denmark. The King has spoken decidedly in support of his war policy, and is warmly supported by the press and army. The Allies have made a reconnoissance toward Duppel, which the Danish General has declared they will not be able to take for several months under the most favorable circumstances. It was said that Italy had tendered the use of a fleet and an army of forty thousand men to England if she assisted Denmark. The London *Post* professes to believe that Russia and Prussia have made a "holy alliance" league, under the pretense of exterminating revolution, but in reality to erect a despotism in Europe. The *Post* says this object will be defeated by England and France, combined with the Italians, Scandinavians, Poles, Hungarians, and Turks. The King of Sweden had granted permission to Swedish officers to take service with the Danes.

THE REBEL RAMS IN PARLIAMENT.

In the House of Commons on the 25th ult. Lord Palmerston announced that orders had been sent to the Cape of Good Hope to release the pirate *Tuscaloosa*, whose detention was not justified by international law. In the House of Lords, on the 25th, Earl Russell said that there was no longer any objection to producing the papers in the case of the Mersey rams, and the rebel vessels *Saxon* and *Alabama*. The 5th of April has been fixed for the trial of the *Pampero* case in the Edinburgh Court of Session.

THE ARCHDUKE MAXIMILIAN.

The Archduke Maximilian still delayed his departure to Mexico until it was determined who was to have command of the French army after his arrival. The Paris *Moniteur* of the 4th instant denies a rumor to the effect that he had renounced the idea of going to Mexico.

THE SITUATION IN MEXICO.

News from the city of Mexico to the 26th ult. is to the effect that the national cause is rapidly losing ground. Juarez's Government is now reduced to four or five States. It was believed that as soon as the French could organize 15,000 men from the Foreign Legion and the native Mexicans they would withdraw their main army from Mexico, as the number named was regarded as sufficient to guard Maximilian. It is intimated that Minister Corwin will leave Vera Cruz in April.

Acapulco and Manzanilla have been blockaded by the French.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

The examination of the Congressional War Committee into the management of the battle of Gettysburg by General Meade has failed to sustain the charge that that General gave an order for his army to retreat after the first day's fight. General Warren has testified distinctly that no such order was given, and that the incidental charges against General Meade are altogether unfounded.

General Sigel has assumed command of the Department of West Virginia.

Another expedition, under General Sully, will shortly be made against the Sioux Indians in the Northwest.

General Lew Wallace has been assigned to the command of the Middle Department, with head-quarters at Baltimore.

Six hundred and sixty-four released prisoners, from Richmond and Belle Isle, arrived at Annapolis, Maryland, on the 10th inst. Forty-eight of the number were officers.

General Warren has been appointed to the command of the Third Corps of the Army of the Potomac.

The Court of Inquiry, appointed to investigate the conduct of General M'Cook, Crittenden, and Negley at the battle of Chicamauga, has reported the result of its investigations, namely, that General M'Cook did his entire duty in the battle proper, but made a mistake subsequently in going into Chattanooga; that General Crittenden was entirely blameless; and that General Negley did nothing calling for censure.

Fifty thousand rations are now issued at Chattanooga daily for refugees and others who are without means of support.

Governor Bramlette has remonstrated against the enlistment of slaves in Kentucky.

General W. F. Smith (familiarly called "Baldy" Smith) has been nominated by the President as Major-General in the regular army.

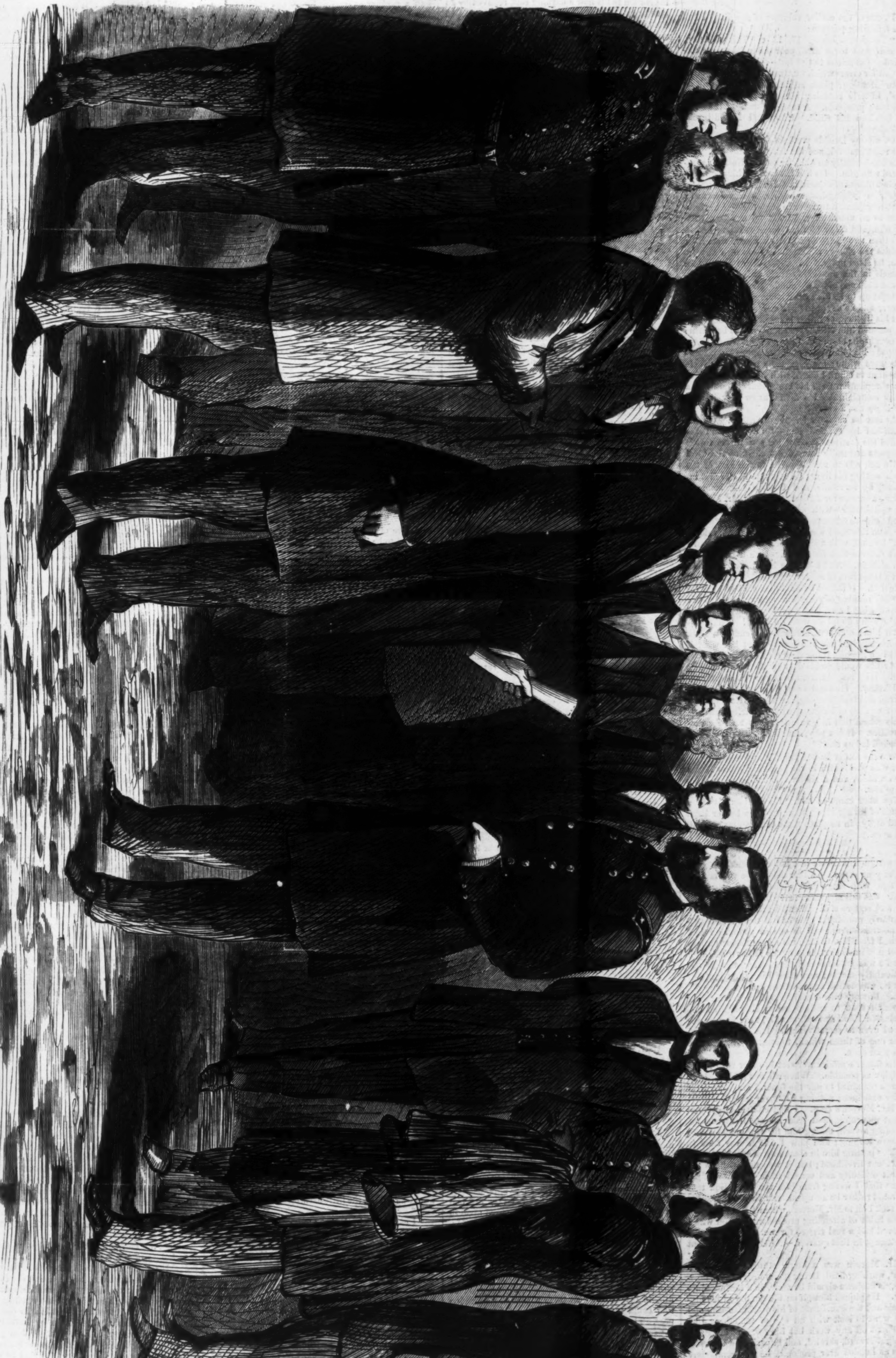
The Florida campaign is to be investigated by the Congressional War Committee, with a view of ascertaining how far General Seymour is responsible for the disaster at Olustee.

Captains Flynn and Sawyer, whom the rebels threatened to hang, have been released, and, with Neal Dow, have arrived at Fortress Monroe.

The Paterson (New Jersey) *Press* says the Government has called upon the locomotive builders of that city for two hundred engines to be made forthwith, informing them that in case of default the Government would seize the shops. The engine builders have agreed to do the work.

The rebel salt-works at St. Monks, Florida, seven miles in extent, and having connected with them 390 kettles, 170 furnaces, and 165 buildings, were destroyed by a naval expedition a short time since. The loss to the rebels is estimated at two millions of dollars.

AMBUSCADE AND DEATH OF COLONEL DAHLGREN.—[See P[illegible]93.]



General Grant Receiving His Commission as Lieutenant-General from President Lincoln.—[See Page 193.]

DR. PEREGRINE'S PAGE.

I.

In one of the earlier volumes of my diary I find the following passage:

"*Tuesday, January* 17, 18—. This morning, at half past three A.M., poor John Bentmore expired. Conscious to the last—full of self-condemnation for errors which were more those of judgment than intention; pious, earnest, humble-minded, he died, bitterly accusing himself of having injured his boy's prospects. A touching end. I promised to befriend his child. How shall I fulfill that promise?"

Of all my humble protégés John Bentmore was the most grateful, and the least satisfactory. He was emphatically an unlucky man. Nothing prospered with him. He had tried every thing. Service in all sorts of capacities. He had been a green-grocer, a lodging-house keeper, a traveler for a wine-merchant, a traveler in the grocery line, foreman to an upholsterer. I got up a subscription for him, and fitted him out for Australia; but in less than two years he was back again, with little besides the clothes which, to use his own expression, he stood upright in. By-and-by he set up for himself in the upholstery trade with capital borrowed from one of his old employers. He had been brought up to it, his father having been an upholsterer; and he ought to have understood it himself. But his ill-luck, or rather his want of business habits, pursued him still. He employed the best men; he bought the best materials. Yet his wood always warped; his blinds never worked properly; his carpets wore white; his very nails never held. He was wont to admit himself with a sigh, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow, that "there was a many complaints. He didn't know how it was, but there was a many complaints."

At last he sunk under his ill-fortune. On his death-bed he accused himself bitterly, and bewailed the destitute state of his son, whose future prospects naturally formed his chief anxiety. I had much ado to reconcile him to the idea of the boy's seeking his living (at any rate in the first instance) by servitude, and I undertook, before I sought a service for Arthur, to induce Mr. Moreen, the upholsterer—with whom John Bentmore had lived twice as foreman—to employ him; but John's hopes on this head were slight. "He won't do it, Sir," he said, with a sigh of self-reproach; "and I don't deserve that he should. He's a just man—Mr. Moreen. And I—I owe him money. I owe him a large sum of money, and he's not one to overlook that. If indeed he would let the boy work for him any number of years without wages, and so pay him off what I owe, that would be a blessed thing; but he won't do it! he won't do it, Sir! I have enraged him; and Mrs. Moreen—she can't overlook his having lent me the money; not but what it would be the best thing they could do to get paid; for Arthur would do his duty by them, I'm sure of that. He's very different from me you see, Sir—a real better. He's got twenty times my head for figures, and book-keeping, and that. He'll make a first-rate man of business, will Arthur. They say at his school that he's an uncommon turn for mathematics. It *is* a pity, ain't it, to make a menial of such a lad as that?"

And the father looked proudly and fondly at his boy, who was seated in the hospital window intent upon a book, and a single tear rolled down upon his pillow.

The hour came at last. He fixed on his boy a glance of loving recognition, and the tender light faded away; in its place there came a film, and all was over.

II.

Arthur Bentmore had not completed his thirteenth year when his father died. He was tall for his age, with small and well-cut features. The mouth was full and handsome; but the compressed lips and square chin indicated firmness, while the singularly prominent eyes had in them a thoughtful abstraction unusual in one so young. I had learned from Mr. Gillies, his schoolmaster (whom I had met more than once by his father's bedside), that he was studious and persevering, though not particularly clever; and from the father himself, that he was dutiful and obedient in no ordinary degree. But my own observations had served rather to puzzle than to enlighten me, although at one conclusion I *had* arrived, namely, that he was reserved even to secretiveness. His nature seemed to be one of those which, to open at all, must be wrenched open.

His father's affairs were set in order with as little delay as possible. When all was sold, scarcely enough remained to pay the funeral and other necessary expenses; nothing whatever toward defraying Mr. Moreen's debt. I had clothed the boy in decent mourning, and paid his small arrears of schooling myself, taking him for the moment into my own lodging; and now I felt it was time to think of putting him in some way of earning an independent livelihood; but it was not without the utmost difficulty and considerable exercise of patience that I wrung from him the confession that he would rather be an upholsterer than a servant.

I took him to Mr. Moreen, whom I had long been in the habit of attending professionally, and who I believed had a real regard for me. I would make an attempt in that quarter. After all, it could but fail.

Mr. Moreen was a huge, sturdy, ruddy-faced giant, working hard, living generously, doing business, as business should be done, in a business-like way. He piqued himself on the quality of his materials and the excellence of his workmanship, and was wont to look with an eye of something like contempt on any work but his own. Though as straightforward, shrewd, and experienced a tradesman as London ever produced, he was completely under the thumb of his wife. He came down to us now, from the comfortable meat tea he had been enjoying with Mrs. M. (as he respectfully called her) and the children, wiping the crumbs from his mouth as he entered. He smiled on seeing me; but cast a sharp glance of something like disfavor on my companion; who, pale and slender, looked above his station in his new mourning suit, relieved by an inch or two of his father's gold chain, that peeped from his waistcoat. I said it had been his late foreman's last wish that his son should be brought up to the trade he had followed himself, and that he had not been without hope that Mr. Moreen would permit the boy to be in his shop, at least for a while.

The upholsterer heard me attentively to the end. He was not one to speak hastily, nor yet one to mince matters when he did speak. He knew his own mind, in general—when Mrs. M. was not by.

"Sir, I wouldn't have a son of John Bentmore's in my shop, not if you was to pay me all he owed, and fifty pounds more to the back of that. I've had enough of the father; I don't want no more of the lot. That boy'll be just like 'em all—turn out as bad as the rest. John Bentmore used me ill, Sir. I trusted him, and he deceived me. He deceived me."

"Not willfully," I interrupted. "When he borrowed that money he intended to repay it."

"I trusted him, and he deceived me," Mr. Moreen resumed, not condescending to notice my interruption. "He promised in black and white that he would pay back that money before the year were out, and he never paid me a shilling of it—no, nor meant to it. There's no honesty in the blood, that's where it is! there's no honesty in the blood! Eighty-seven pounds nine shillings and threepence that man owed me, and I shall never see a farthing of it. No, Sir, I thank *you;* but I'll have nothing to do with his boy."

"Father would have tried to pay you if he had lived, Sir," Arthur's young voice was heard to say; "I know he would have done his best to pay you."

I glanced at the boy. He was pale, and the perspiration stood in beads upon his forehead. His eyes, full of an eager and glowing light, were fixed intently on the upholsterer. My heart bled for him. It was cruel to speak thus of his dead father in his presence.

"Not he!" Mr. Moreen replied, putting his hands into his waistcoat-pockets and jingling his loose silver, with a dogged kind of carelessness. "Not he! 'twasn't in him. 'Twasn't in *him*, no more than 'twas in his brother Charles, who died some eight or nine years ago, deep in debt. He was another of the same sort—always borrowing, never paying nobody again—always in trouble and difficulties—and *prison* (with a strong emphasis). It's in the blood. There's no backbone among them! And the boy's one of them. *Of* course!"

He jerked out these sentences with strong contempt, making short pauses between each, that seemed to add tenfold weight to his words.

I felt indignant at the cruelty of such remarks, before a lad whose parent was scarcely yet cold in his grave. "Mr. Moreen," I said, "you have a perfect right to refuse to employ the lad, but you have no right to wound him, by casting bitter reflections on the memory of his father."

"Sir," said Mr. Moreen, taking one square brawny hand out of his pocket, and stretching it toward me with a gesture of power, "I speak as I find. You forget as I've boys myself—a many boys."

He heaved a sigh, that seemed to come from some cavernous depths, and made a kind of draught in the shop. "I've no less than five of 'em, and Mrs. M. expecting again in October. Sir, them boys look to me to be fed and clothed, and put in the way of feeding and clothing their own selves. I've enough to do for *them.* They're brought up strict, and honest, and hard, *they* are—not taught to give themselves airs—not dressed like young Eton gents. What *they* wears is paid for, honest and reg'lar. I should scorn to borrow money for *my* boys."

He turned away, and bending a little forward, seemed to be examining a piece of old oak furniture that stood near. But his thoughts were evidently not with that. A moment afterward he resumed in a somewhat deprecating tone, as though willing to justify himself to me. "You see, Sir, I've had little comfort since the day when that money was borrowed. Mrs. M., she'll never overlook it. Nev-er overlook it. Not if she lives to a hundred. She has her ideas, has Mrs. M., and her opinions. Strong. She was always against lending of it. Many a time she says to me, says she, 'Mark my words, M. Don't you trust that Bentmore—he's a slippery fellow.' If you please, Sir," said Mr. Moreen, suddenly taking his hands from his pockets, and changing his tone to one of uncommon briskness, by way of changing the subject, "if you please, Sir, we'll say no more about it. Only I won't have nothing to do with his lad."

And so we parted.

III.

A **page**'s place was soon found for Arthur Bentmore; and a good one. One of my patients willingly engaged him, inexperienced as he was, after hearing the particulars of his story from me. Admiral and Mrs. Sullivan were kindly, liberal people, living alone, spoiling their servants, as they would have spoiled their children if they had had any, laying themselves out to be imposed upon in a hundred ways, on all sides. Their butler, Mr. Tapps, having decanted their wine, and imbibed the greater part of it, for two-and-twenty years, was looked upon by them as a priceless treasure. Their coachman, a corpulent but lenient man, allowed them the use of their horses for an hour or two occasionally, when his wife thought it good for him to drive; nor was there a pair in all London that could match his for sleek and decorous slowness. The lady's maid had ruled her mistress with a yard measure of iron for thirty years, and was looked upon by that lady with a truly filial respect. The cook had grown fat on the proceeds of that which she sold out of her luxurious kitchen. The house-maid and scullery-maid might as yet be considered babies in the service, having been only three and four years in the family; but, influenced by the general tone of the establishment, they were of course prepared to remain there (if spared, and not taken possession of by the baker or the green-grocer) half a century at least. Every one of the domestics spoke of the house, and all it contained, as theirs. It was "our plate," "our carriage," "our dinner-parties," "our uniforms," "our court-dresses," and "our diamonds."

The first thing done by the treasure, Mr. Tapps, on the new page being respectfully presented to him by his mistress in my presence, was to alter his cognomen to that of Jeames. He could not be expected to call him any other. Of course not. Jeames were the proper name for a page, and had been ever since he were a page himself. "And if you does as I tell you," said Mr. Tapps, with dignified emphasis, turning to the ci-devant Arthur, and mingling encouragement with the stern dignity of office, "if you does as I tell you, and minds nothing nor nobody else, you'll do well enough in time, I des-say."

During the page's probation the reports of his conduct were excellent. Mrs. Sullivan had nothing to say but in his praise. Tapps, the treasure, spoke highly of him. Tapps was entirely satisfied. He had broken wonderfully little crockery for a raw lad in his first service, and there was a marked improvement in his double knocks.

I was sitting one morning in my consulting-room, having just dismissed the last of my gratuitous patients, when my page (I called him my page, from having put a guiding hand to his destiny) called upon me. He looked thin and ill, and paler even than usual.

"Nothing wrong, I hope?" I said, thinking that the boy grew too fast, and that he ought to be well nourished, and not overworked.

"Nothing, Sir. I came to speak to you on a little matter that—"

He paused.

"What is it?"

"Well, Sir, I came to ask you—that is (correcting himself, as though he had not been sufficiently respectful)—I made bold to come and ask you, if you would kindly take care of this money for me, Sir?"

He took from his waistcoat-pocket something wrapped in a piece of old newspaper, opened it, and spread it on the table. There were three half-crowns, one shilling, a sixpence, and threepence in coppers. That amount was also set down on a little square of white paper, in clear figures, which I supposed to be his.

"Certainly," I said. "I will keep this for you, if you wish it. What is it for?"

He was silent.

"Is it for any particular object?"

"Well—yes, Sir."

"Perhaps you would rather not tell me?"

He considered a moment, and then answered that "It is toward paying that debt."

"That debt! What debt?"

"Father's debt to Mr. Moreen, you know, Sir. Father owed him eighty-seven pounds nine shillings and threepence," he said.

I looked at the little heap of money on the table, and involuntarily smiled.

"My good boy, you don't hope that you can pay such a sum as that?"

"I mean to pay it, Sir."

"You may mean to pay it, and it shows an honesty of intention that I can not too highly commend; but you can't pay it, my boy. Nor would Mr. Moreen dream of expecting you to do so. It would take a lifetime of service to pay off such a debt as that. Let me see. What are your wages?"

"Eight guineas a year, Sir; two suits of livery, and one working suit; one hat, and eighteenpence a week for beer."

"Tell me what put this idea into your head?"

"Mr. Moreen, Sir."

"Mr. Moreen! Have you seen him, then?"

"No, Sir, not again; but you remember, Sir, he said that—" The boy paused, and taking a step forward, adding very low, as though what he was about to utter was too dreadful to be spoken aloud—"that there was no honesty in the blood—*no honesty in the blood*, Sir!"

I felt a greater interest in him at that moment than I had ever done before. It was evident to me now that the boy had strong and deep feelings, though from some cause he never gave them expression.

"Now, don't let those words rankle in your mind, Arthur," I said, kindly, laying my hand upon his thin shoulder; "Mr. Moreen was angry when he said that, and not without cause, as you know; for your father—well! Your father did him an injury. People say things when they're angry that they don't hold to afterward. We all do."

"Mr. Moreen *will* hold to it. He believes it, Sir. He said we were a bad lot, all of us. He said I should turn out as bad as the rest. He said there was no honesty in the blood."

The boy still spoke low, but with rapid utterance, and as though he had repeated those words again and again to himself scores of times.

"Take back this money," I said. "I will answer for it that Mr. Moreen would wish you to do so. I know him better than you do; and I am certain that the last thing he would dream of doing would be to take the little earnings of a poor lad like you."

"I can't take back that money, Sir."

There was a pause.

"Shall I ask Mr. Moreen to consent to receive it, as a proof of your honest desire to pay what is owed?"

He became excited immediately.

"Oh pray! *pray* don't do that, Sir! I shall be sorry I told you at all, if you do. Pray keep it for me, Sir; just as it is. Only keep it for the present, and say nothing to him—nothing to him."

He seemed to lay the matter so much to heart, that, after a few more ineffectual remonstrances, I consented to humor him. So I sealed up the money in his presence, writing on the outside that it was a deposit of Arthur Bentmore's.

I did not forget to tell Mrs. Sullivan that I was less satisfied with her page's looks than she was with his conduct; that he was growing too rapidly, and was more emaciated than I liked to see. He should be generously fed, and, above all, not be stinted in his sleep. She agreed with me as to the alteration of his looks; said she had herself felt uneasy about it; had intended to consult me in the matter; and summoned The Treasure to our conference.

Tapps had volumes to say on the subject: no boy, especially a growing boy, couldn't expect to be strong that didn't take kindly to his beer; which Jeames, he never had from the first. Jeames was a strange boy. There was no knowing where to have him. He never took a drop o' beer from one month's end to another, didn't Jeames! Why not? Dr. Peregrine would ask; which of course—why not? Why! he actually preferred water! But some was like that; and a great misfortune too. It wasn't for the saving neither. Jeames was a strange party. In fact, Mr. Tapps had never known but one other like him—and *he* was a very strange party indeed.

Time passed on; and I felt so entirely at ease about the boy—so satisfied that he would now do well without any help of mine—that I troubled myself but little about him. He had been out of town with the family, and had grown so tall that he overtopped Mr. Tapps; a liberty which must have seemed strange to the well regulated mind of that individual. His mistress had been obliged to promote him from buttons to a regular livery; and in the social intercourse of the servants' hall he was now "our footman." Thus satisfactorily closed his second year of service; but with the opening of the third came the startling intelligence that he was "leaving to better himself!"

I did not attend Lady Fetherstone, Arthur's new mistress, and therefore saw less of him than before; although I did occasionally catch a glimpse of him on the box of his lady's old-fashioned barouche during my professional progresses: till at length the closed shutters of her ladyship's house in Bumption Street indicated that she, her companion, her lapdog, and the rest of the establishment, had adjourned for the autumn to Tunbridge Wells.

IV.

One morning in the following June I was awoke at about half-past six o'clock by a peculiarly sharp ring at my professional door-bell. I had been up all night with a patient in dangerous circumstances, and had scarcely been asleep a couple of hours; but I could not be insensible to the shrill urgency of that appeal. I was wide awake in a moment. There was a short pause, a muttered colloquy between my housemaid and some one else; she knocked at my door (I slept on the ground floor), and, opening it, showed a pale and startled countenance.

"Sir! Sir!" she said, in hurried tones, "Arthur Bentmore is come for you directly—a dreadful thing! the butler at Lady Fetherstone's has destroyed himself!"

I was soon at the scene of the catastrophe. I found a policeman already there in charge of the body, and perceiving at once that life had been extinct some hours, I lost no time in going up to the lady. She had recovered from her swoon, but was in a fearful state of nervous excitement, and for some time it was unsafe to leave her; for the shock seemed to have partially unsettled her reason. After a while, however, the remedies I employed began to produce the desired effect, and I had the satisfaction of seeing her at last gradually sinking to sleep, with her hand clasped in that of Arthur's former mistress, Mrs. Sullivan.

The scene in that house was a shocking one to witness. The mother and sister of the suicide hung over his mangled remains with tears and groans of anguish; while the servants of the establishment, distracted at the tragical end of one with whom they had lived in daily companionship, were totally unable to afford them any comfort.

The cause of the catastrophe was soon but too clear. The misguided man was known to have been long in the habit of betting; and it came out, through a friend who had chanced to call at the house, unaware of what had happened, that he had lost so large a sum the previous day at the Derby, as to make it easy to understand that he dared not face the ruin such a debt must bring upon him.

I was in and out of Lady Fetherstone's house constantly that day. Her stanch friends, Admiral and Mrs. Sullivan, insisted upon it. Thus I had ample opportunity of observing the conduct of Arthur under circumstances not a little trying to one so young. Of all the inmates of that house he was the only one who seemed to retain composure or common sense. Nothing tends to re-settle nerves that have been unusually excited—especially servants' nerves—so much as the sight of a calm and matter-of-fact attention to the small duties of life. Mrs. Cook began by taking no notice of what Jeames was about, and continuing her spasmodic heavings and groanings; but after a little she could not resist watching to see how he did what she ought to have been doing: from watching she got to correction and advice; and finally she condescendingly approached, and began to rectify his errors. When I entered the kitchen to prescribe for her—having been informed by the under housemaid that she was at the point of death—I found her with a very red face, in the midst of an animated argument with Jeames as to the proper management of gravy.

When the latter was interrogated as to the butler's habits of life some curious particulars came out. It appeared that the man never did any thing in the house except wait at table, and occasionally open the door in the absence of the footman. He was very rarely at home; often spending entire nights out, and returning about six in the morning, when he was always let in by Arthur, who, summer and winter, rose at five. When pressed as to his own reasons for rising so early, he hesitated at first; but at length replied that he always occupied himself about his own affairs before six o'clock, when he considered his day's work for the family ought to begin. Did his mistress know of her butler's proceedings? He could not say. Mr. Jacobs (the butler) had a key of the house-door.

He had mentioned to him that he did not wish to have this spoken of, as it might occasion unpleasantness; and he should be sorry to lose the convenience.

Was *he* aware of Mr. Jacobs's practice of betting? He was. Had he ever been induced himself to do the like? No answer; and the question was, after a little discussion, withdrawn. Had he had any suspicion of the butler's losses at Epsom? He had had.

But in spite of the quiet and self-possessed manner in which Arthur had given his evidence, and its undoubted truthfulness, there was yet something about him which (although I should have been at a loss to define it) occasioned in my mind not only an uncomfortable impression that he knew much more than he chose to divulge of the butler's affairs, but that he was also, to a certain extent, a participator in the practice that had led to so fearful a result. I could hardly explain, even to myself, why I was convinced of this; but my impression grew in strength the more I saw of, and conversed with him. He did not indeed deny, though he never positively admitted, that he *had* betted; but many little circumstances that I not only observed now, but remembered to have noticed since his removal to Lady Fetherstone's (among others, a remarkable shabbiness in such articles of his attire as he had to purchase himself), tended to convince me that he had been led to indulge in this dangerous practice, and was greatly straitened in means in consequence.

I had much serious talk with him at that time; speaking with an earnest authority which I felt our mutual relations not only warranted but called for. But although he listened with respectful attention, and an appearance of being impressed by what I said; and although he once voluntarily promised me never to bet in future (he did not say *again*); he was still silent and uncommunicative, and therefore, to a certain degree, unsatisfactory.

I was much pressed for time at this period, and preoccupied with anxious and difficult cases; but the thought of Arthur Bentmore was seldom long absent from my mind. His pale, miserable face actually haunted me. His father had confided him to my care, and I trembled for his future. I saw him on the brink of ruin—perhaps of destruction—yet I was powerless to avert either. Meanwhile a change took place in his position and circumstances which tended rather to increase than to diminish my anxiety on his account. He obtained the late butler's place.

V.

ONE fine, clear winter's day, some fourteen months after the death of Mr. Jacobs, as I was standing with my back to the fire in my consulting-room, Arthur Bentmore, dressed in neat plain clothes, entered, hat in hand.

He had grown very much during the last twelvemonth, but he was thinner and paler than I had ever before seen him. He was literally cadaverous.

Our first mutual greetings over, he informed me that he had come for two purposes—the first, to announce that he was about to leave Lady Fetherstone.

I started. About to leave Lady Fetherstone? So good a service? so generous a mistress? who valued him, as I had reason to know, very highly! Something of undefined apprehension shot through my mind.

But he went on to explain that he had not felt well for some weeks; had been decidedly worse quite lately; and he was conscious that he required *rest*—rest, entire and complete. He was sorry, very sorry to leave Lady Fetherstone; she had been most kind to him; but he should be laid up if he remained. He had told her how it was, and she had quite acquiesced. He was to leave in a month, if her ladyship could suit herself. He required, as it were, to—to take breath. He drew—not without a visible effort—a long breath as he spoke; and I mentally resolved that as soon as his time was up he should come to my house and submit to regular professional treatment from me.

But what was the other purpose for which he had come?

He put his hat down on the floor. "You have by you, Sir," he answered, "some money of mine."

"Money of yours?"

"Some silver, Sir; only a trifle; nine shillings. I brought it, if you remember, when I was a lad, one morning in summer, and you put it in your desk to keep for me."

I remembered perfectly now the secret drawer in which I had placed it. Yes; there was the silver, almost black from age; three half-crowns, two shillings, and a sixpence, with the threepence wrapped up in a paper by themselves. As I pushed the little heap toward him I said, with a certain anxiety, "Surely, my good Arthur, you don't *need* such a sum as this."

He met my gaze without flinching; yet a slight tinge of color rose to his cheek. I saw it distinctly as he said, "I *do* want it, if you please, Sir. You remember my father's debt to Mr. Moreen?"

"Certainly. Full well."

"I wish to pay it; and I make bold to ask you to go with me when I pay it, Sir."

He made a step forward, and laying an envelope on the table, "There," said he, "are eighty-seven pounds, which, with the silver and coppers you have there, makes up the sum owing."

I was so much astonished as to be for the moment incapable of reflection. But soon, to amazement, succeeded another feeling. The old painful fear shot through me. I fixed my eyes steadily on his.

"Arthur, how came you by all this money?"

He put his hand in his pocket and laid before me a paper containing an exact account of every shilling he had ever saved in his service, and how he had saved it.

This paper recorded a daily, hourly series of sacrifices throughout the long course of four years; begun at the age when self-conquest is the hardest, self-indulgence the most natural; continued with unchanging resolution in spite of every trial, every temptation; persisted in to the very end.

He spoke only once, as I was approaching the end of his extraordinary memorandum; but it was simply to explain that Mr. Gillies, the schoolmaster, had put this money, at various times, into the savings-bank for him, and had thus realized a small increase, which, with the fourteen shillings overplus in the account—the month's wages and beer-money that would be due to him next month—and a few shillings of presents he had accumulated, would go to maintain him while he should continue out of service. He might, he observed, have paid off this debt a little sooner, as I could see, but he considered that he should do wrong to leave himself entirely without money.

I heard him as he spoke, but I scarcely heeded him. My mind, my heart were too full. I was thinking of the suspicions I had harbored against him—of the wrong I had done him in my own thoughts; and he, all the while, biding his time, leading a life of such unexampled self-denial! To him it seemed, however, that he had done no more than was natural to be done in similar circumstances.

"You know Mr. Moreen said, Sir, that there was no honesty in the blood! *no honesty in the blood!* He said father was not honest; that we was all a bad lot together. Now I knew that father *was* honest. The debt had been his greatest distress in his last hours. I had reason to know that; for many and many a time he charged me to pay it, and so to clear his memory. How, then, could I do other than pay it?"

VI.

MR. MOREEN had risen materially in the world. He had increased in both bodily and worldly substance. But though a man, solid in every sense of the word, and with—well! we will say—*some* money in the funds, Mr. Moreen still stuck to the old shop.

In the doorway of this old shop stood Mr. Moreen now, as Arthur and I drove up in the modest brougham, which, in those days, I hired for my professional visits. He was respectfully seeing a great lady out: he flourished his rule by way of saluting me, and added his usual respectful bow and smile, but did not speak till the coroneted carriage with its high-stepping bays had dashed from the door. "That's the countess—that is," he said, as we entered. "She comes here most days, and stays—well! I suppose she stays an hour or more, choosing, and changing, and ordering of the carvings for the old oak side-board she's a having put together. It'll be a splendid side-board when done. A surprise, too, for his lordship. But, dear me, she gives herself a deal of trouble more than she need to! She will have this, and she won't have that, and she thinks she'd fancy the other! It would be better left to me—better left to me. But these great ladies, d'ye see, they're—they're *willful* (with a strong emphasis on the word); I suppose they've got nothing else to do."

He winked at me with that clear, honest, blue eye of his, and laughed with the low, lazy, internal chuckle common to such large men; and when I observed that it was not your great ladies only that were willful, he laughed still more. "Ha!" he said, "all women *was* willful, not a doubt about it."

A half-bantering, half-serious conversation followed, with mutual friendly inquiries as to health, and so forth; then there was a pause, and, for the first time, he looked at my companion. But his glance was momentary, and had nothing of recognition in it.

"I see you don't remember this young man," I said, "yet he is an old acquaintance of yours, Arthur Bentmore."

"Indeed?"

He turned and surveyed him with an easy, good-natured glance. "Young Bentmore! *In*deed! He have grown precious tall—a good bit taller than my John, and they're about the same age, I think. But he don't look strong. I'm afraid you don't have your health, young man! Let me see"—Mr. Moreen put his rule meditatively to his lips, pursing them up as though about to whistle. "Didn't I see something in the papers about young Bentmore, a year or a year and a half ago? A inquest, or something? Ah! true! *I* recollect. Butler, in your fam'ly (turning to Arthur). True—true! Yes, I remember. And you give your evidence very proper. Mrs. M., she read it all out loud to us at tea; seeing of your name, and what the coroner said and all. But I hope," added the upholsterer, suddenly changing the expression of his good-humored face to one of stern severity, and laying a long, square, powerful forefinger upon Arthur's coat; "excuse *me*, young man, but I hope you don't bet yourself! Betting will never come to no good, be sure of that."

"No, no!" I said, interposing, "Arthur has come to-day about a little matter of business with you, Mr. Moreen, if you have leisure to attend to it."

"With me?"

Again the upholsterer looked at the young man. This time more attentively; and in one moment he was a different person himself. It had been chat; good-humored, friendly chat, between us hitherto; now it was business.

"I suppose it's the old story," he said, laying down his rule, and putting his hands in his pockets, as if to guard what he might possess there. "The old story! Wants employment! But—"

He shook his head. It was a most expressive shake.

"I am not come to ask for any thing," Arthur Bentmore said, quietly. "You remember the debt my father owed you, Mr. Moreen?"

"I—should—think—I—did!" the upholsterer answered, very slowly, laying marked emphasis on each separate word. "I'm more likely to remember that debt than I am ever to get a farthing of it, by a precious deal! Eighty-seven pounds nine shillings and threepence. That was the amount. Mrs. M. and I had more words concerning of that debt than we ever had 'bout any thing; I think she's never forgotten it. Nor she's never discontinued throwing of it in my teeth. She were against my lending of it from the first; and that (turning to me), that give her a handle, d'ye see, against me. *Of* course. She'd no opinion of John Bentmore. Never had."

He had become confidential again. He never could help it, when he spoke of his wife. And he always jerked out his sentences, and made long pauses between, when that dreaded individual was in question. It was like an occasional brief letting off of steam lest the engine should burst.

Arthur waited patiently, without attempting to interrupt him.

"Well!" said Mr. Moreen, at last, jingling his silver with both hands; "what of that debt? You're not—" he burst into a low laugh of exquisite enjoyment. "You're not—come to—to pay it? Are ye, young man?"

He turned to me, his blue eyes swimming in tears of rapture at the extravagance of his own humor, and laughed till his face grew purple.

"I *am* come to pay it," Arthur Bentmore replied, slowly; and, opening the parcel he had all along held tightly in one hand, spread out on a buhl table that stood near the fruits of four years' self-denial.

There was a dead silence.

Not for a twelvemonth—not for a lifetime—of fees—would I have lost that scene.

Mr. Moreen's laugh had stopped. He stood silent; vacantly staring at the money.

At last he turned to me.

"Of course, Doctor, *you* lent him this!" he said, gravely, and with frequent pauses, as though reflecting; "but I couldn't think of it. Cert'ny not. On no account. I couldn't think of taking such a thing from you."

"No one has lent me this money," Arthur said; "I have earned it all. Doctor Peregrine knows it; Doctor Peregrine will tell you how it was earned. Sir, when I was a little lad, you told me here—in this very shop—standing where we now stand—that my father—God bless him!—was not an honest man. You said there was no honesty in the blood. You said I should turn out bad, like the rest of us! I was but young then—only thirteen. When you said those cruel words of my dead father, I resolved that I would never rest till I had paid you, and proved them false. It has been hard to do; so hard that it has changed my whole nature, I often think. No one knows what I have gone through—not a living creature but myself! but I would have gone through fifty times as much to pay that debt! I thank God that I have lived to pay it, and to clear my father's memory."

I write this now; I write the words I heard him speak, but I can no more give a notion of their effect than I could if I had never heard them. He, at all times so subdued, so self-possessed, so impossible to rouse, was suddenly transformed into another creature. Form, voice, countenance—all changed. His words came forth rapidly. The pent-up emotions of those four toiling, self-denying years found a vent at last.

"And now, Sir! now!" Arthur cried, raising his thin hand with a gesture that thrilled through my very heart, "believe me, who have never willfully uttered one false word from the hour when you did us that cruel wrong—my father was an honest man. I say it in my Maker's presence. Perhaps in his!"

Arthur stopped short; for he found himself suddenly seized by the powerful grasp of Mr. Moreen, and whirled, rather than drawn, to the window.

"Well, but you know," said the upholsterer, drawing him nearer, and then holding him further off, as you would a picture you were examining in different lights; but all the while clenching him in his tremendous hand as in a vice. "You're a grand fellow, you are! *You* pay your father's debts, do ye? But you're a grand fellow! What? You laid by to pay me, did ye? all these years! Why! you *are* a grand fellow! *You* did it, did ye? And I said you wern't honest. Well! I wish I'd been—I wish my tongue had been cut out before I said it. But you know you *are* honest. You! a little lad as you was. *You* pay the old man's debt. Yes! you have—you *have* paid it. Oh! but you're a grand fellow."

Ringing the changes on these words—unable to express the feelings that were bursting his heart—upheaving his broad chest—choking his voice—the tears rained down the honest man's cheeks, and he knew it no more than did Mrs. Moreen, sitting at work with her girls above stairs.

Mr. Moreen's emotion had the natural effect of calming Arthur's. The poor lad was passive in his grasp. But after a time the worthy upholsterer began to return as it were to himself. He relaxed his hold; and taking out his pocket-handkerchief, wiped his eyes and face.

"I ask pardon, Sir," he said, turning to me, and speaking in a low and apologetic tone; "I ask pardon, I'm sure; but I'm—I'm—I never was so—I never see such a thing as this before. It took me unprepared, you see. I didn't look for such a thing. Not at all. And to think—to think that them words of mine should have cut so deep—a poor young lad like that—that's where it is, you see." Then, turning to Arthur, "You're a grand fellow, Sir!"

Strange—the effect of that "Sir" in Mr. Moreen's mouth, as addressed to Arthur Bentmore. How well I understood it: better than he did himself. It was the involuntary, unconscious homage paid to the honesty of that stripling, by the sturdy tradesman who valued honesty above all earthly treasures.

"But you know I can't take it, Sir!" Mr. Moreen suddenly exclaimed, when he had become more cool; recalled to the consideration of the money by the sight of it spread out on the buhl table. "I can't take them earnings and savings of that lad's. It can't be. The thing ain't in nature. Mrs. M. herself, she wouldn't hear of it."

This was the signal for fresh excitement. A keen dispute followed this declaration, during which it was difficult to say which showed the most determined spirit, Mr. Moreen or Arthur. But it was clear to me that the latter must in the end prevail.

VII.

As soon as his month's notice to leave Lady Fetherstone's service had expired, Arthur Bentmore came to my house to be attended professionally, and, if need be, nursed. It was high time he should do so. He had tasked his constitution too severely. He had grown too fast, worked too hard, and slept too little. Now that the excitement was over which had hitherto borne him up under every trial, he collapsed. There was a reaction.

When at last I had the happiness of seeing him really restored to health, I proposed to him to remain with me as my servant. The plan was precisely what he wished. But after six months' trial of him, I made up my mind that I must give him notice. It went against my conscience to keep him. As a servant, Arthur Bentmore was entirely thrown away. He was intended for higher things. He had a mind capable of mastering almost any subject, and would do honor to any position. Ever since the day of that last memorable visit to my consulting-room his reserve with me had entirely disappeared. His confidence had been indeed hard to gain; but once gained, it was given wholly, and forever. He felt toward me now as toward a father. I had entered into, and sympathized with, the strongest feeling of his nature; I had rejoiced for, and in him, on the one great occasion of his life; and from that hour he was bound to me by the strongest of all ties.

I had mentioned his touching story to persons who had it in their power materially to befriend him; and the result was that he obtained a situation connected with one of our most important railways. He continued three years in that situation. In the fourth he was promoted to a more responsible post on the same railway. From this time his rise was singularly rapid. He made money. Being in the way of hearing of good investments, his keen sense and excellent judgment enabled him to avail himself of them. He bought land in the outskirts of a great manufacturing town, built good houses on it, and sold them at an enormous profit. With this money he entered into still larger speculations (invariably judicious and safe), and in a short time realized a considerable capital. At thirty, Arthur Bentmore was one of the men in that thriving town whose word carried the most weight with it. He remained single till he was five-and-thirty, and then brought to preside over his comfortable home one of the three daughters of his own parish clergyman: a pretty, unpretending, affectionate girl, who had been brought up in a pious and provident household, and was sure to make him a fond and grateful wife. At 47 he was mayor of his town, and had two sons and three daughters, promising and healthy.

During all these years he and I have kept up a constant and affectionate intercourse. He is now a director of more than one railway, and he comes frequently to London, sometimes alone—brought there by business—sometimes with his wife. On these occasions he always dines with Gillies—whom he has made comfortable for life—or with me. And nothing delights us so much as these quiet dinners.

"It all seems as though it were but yesterday," he would say, as we sat together over our dessert, and he looked across the table at me with those large, wonderful eyes of his, that seemed gazing far back into the past; "I often think I am a page again, and dream it too, sometimes. My wife says I still add up shillings and sixpences in my sleep."

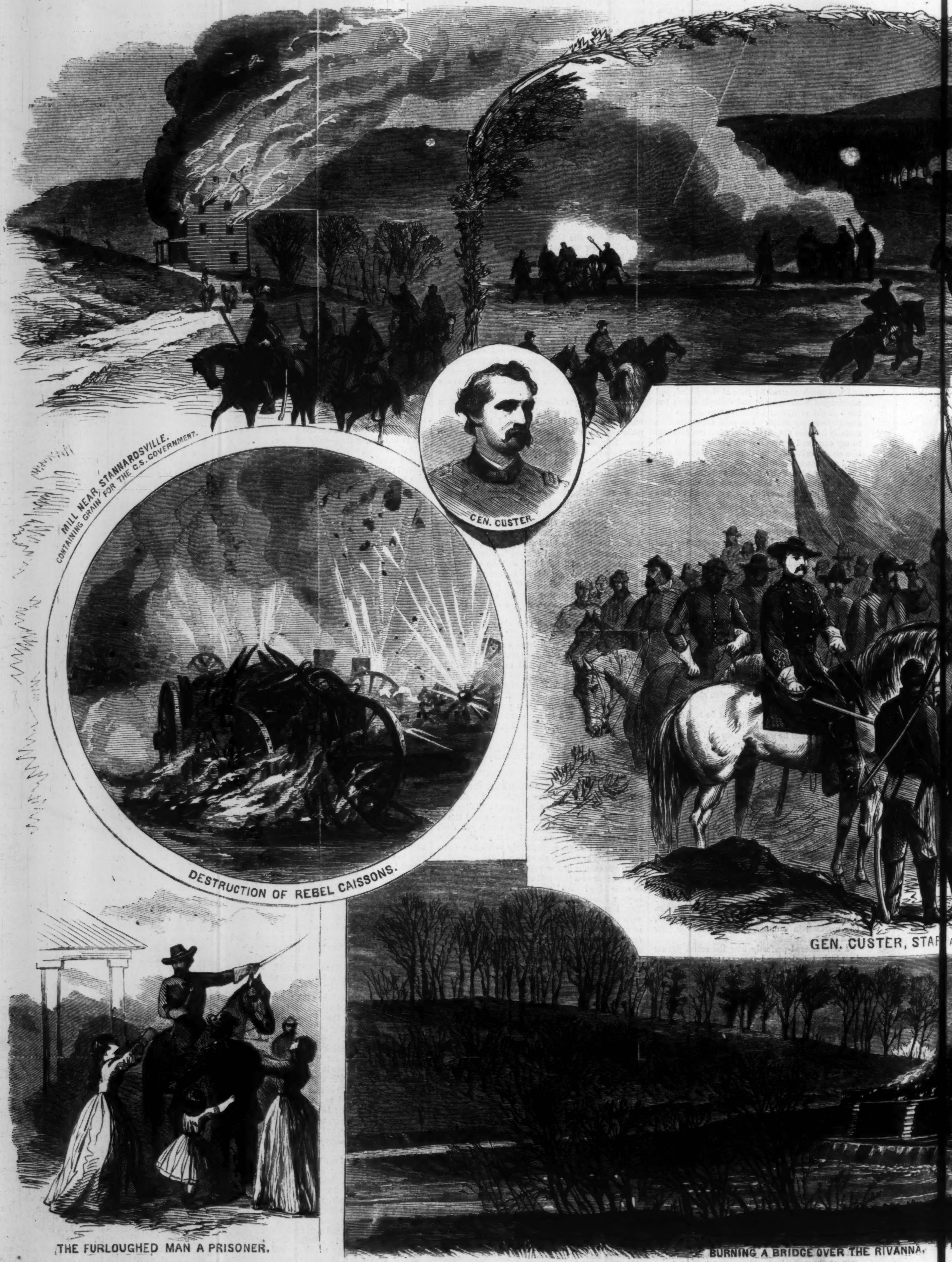
With Mr. Moreen, grown very old and infirm, and retired from business (though he still lives in the old shop), Arthur Bentmore has kept up not only an acquaintance, but a steady friendship since those early days.

Arthur had not long quitted my service when the upholsterer was laid up with an unusually severe attack of bronchitis. He was always very hippish when ill, as many such strong giants are. But his mind, though morbidly sensitive from the state of his body, was full of Arthur Bentmore, toward whom he reproached himself with having acted the part of a brute. He would talk about him to me as long as my visit lasted, and shed tears when he recurred to the lad's early abstinence from *beer*. That point touched him more than all. "Yes!" he would exclaim, "I don't know as I ever said words I've repented of so much since. I *have* repented of 'em. Bitter. They'll sound to me when I'm a-dying—I know that. And he going on denying of himself his little drop o' beer—a growing chap like that, that wanted it."

In the course of this illness he confided to me that although Mrs. M. had been struck with admiration at the noble conduct of the boy, she yet had not at all agreed with *him* as to the propriety of refusing the money. She took a more business-like view of the transaction. The debt was a debt, she considered, and ought to be discharged. They had no more right to rob their own children of the money than they had to deprive the lad himself of the satisfaction to his feelings of paying it. "There wouldn't be no merit in what he done if he was to get it back again," said Mrs. M.

"I don't agree with her *there*, Sir," said Mr. Moreen, speaking low and confidentially, as though to differ from Mrs. M. even in the expression of an opinion were too dangerous a matter to be overheard; "the merit's the same in what he done, any how, it seems to me. But Mrs. M., she's so first-rate here, you see!" tapping his own broad forehead, "and she judges of things more by the head-piece than she do by the feelin's. *I'm* not equal to her in that—oh no!"

When he heard that Arthur was about to set up a house of his own, he entered into a little plot with me to furnish the living rooms gratis; and never was man more thoroughly happy than Mr. Moreen was during the mysterious consultations and arrangements necessary to effect this object. I persuaded Arthur to visit me in London while he went down to the manufacturing town in question to superintend every detail. He spared neither trouble nor expense. Nothing was, nothing could be, too good for that grand fellow! And the way in which he reveled in Arthur's astonishment and admiration, when on his return he discovered what had been done, was worth going miles to see.



MILL NEAR STANNARDSVILLE, CONTAINING GRAIN FOR THE C.S. GOVERNMENT.

GEN. CUSTER.

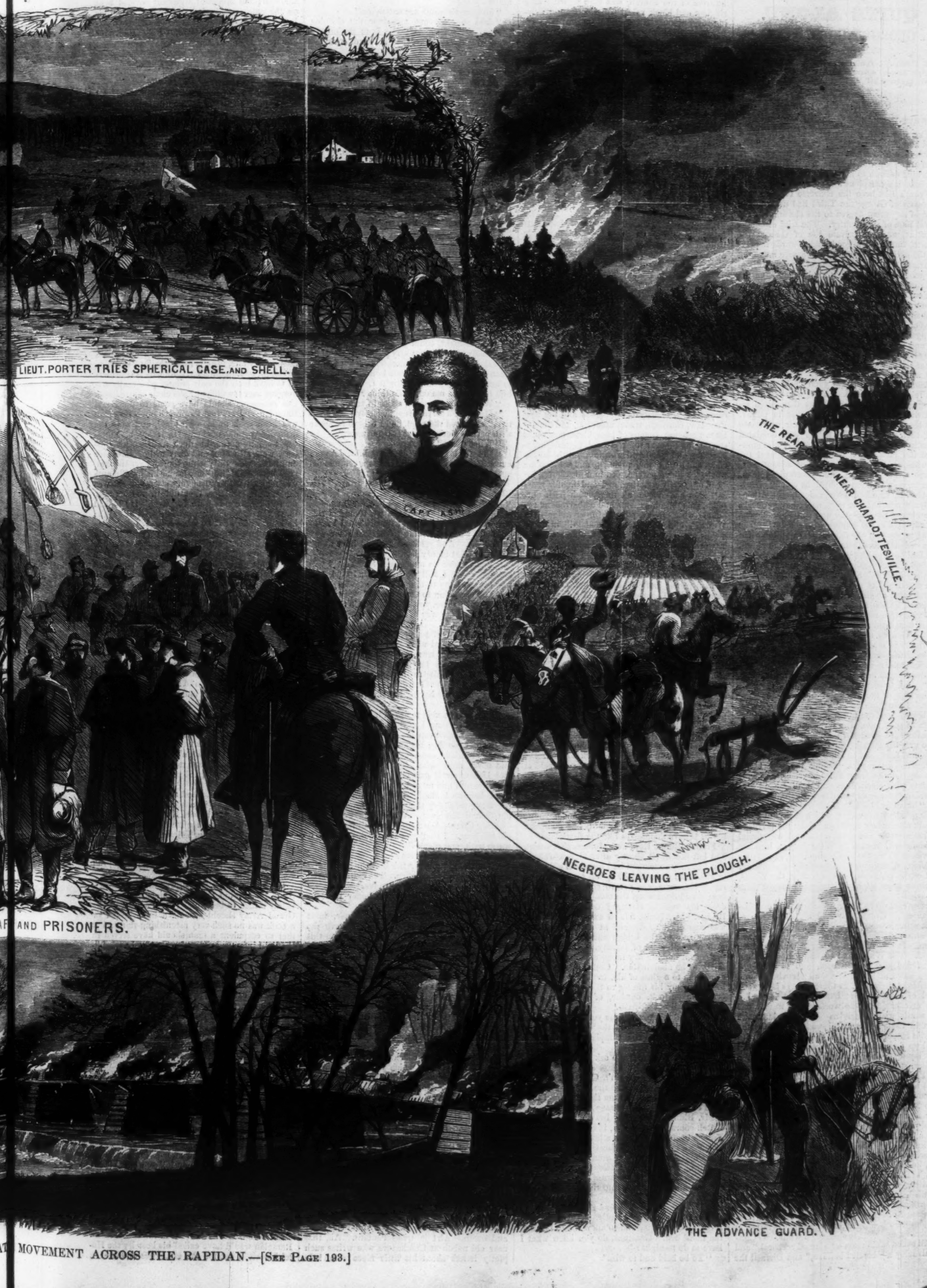
DESTRUCTION OF REBEL CAISSONS.

GEN. CUSTER, STAF

THE FURLOUGHED MAN A PRISONER.

BURNING A BRIDGE OVER THE RIVANNA.

SCENES CONNECTED WITH GENERAL CUSTER'S LAT



LIEUT. PORTER TRIES SPHERICAL CASE AND SHELL.

CAPT. ASH

THE REAR NEAR CHARLOTTESVILLE.

NEGROES LEAVING THE PLOUGH.

AND PRISONERS.

THE ADVANCE GUARD.

MOVEMENT ACROSS THE RAPIDAN.—[See Page 193.]

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QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN WILLIAM THE FOURTH WAS KING.

The epoch, there was no denying it, was a wild and dissolute one. The imprint of the Regent's cloven foot had not yet worn away. A man was upon the throne. He made a decorous king enough in his old age, mainly through the influence of a pious and admirable wife; but his youth had been the converse of reputable. The sons of George the Third had not contributed in any great degree to the elevation of the moral tone of the country. The trial of Queen Caroline, and the private life of George the Fourth, had done a good deal towards depraving the national manners. There were no young princesses save one, the Hope of England, whom her good mother kept sedulously aloof from the polluting atmosphere of the age. The Duchess of Kent and her daughter went tranquilly about from watering-place to watering-place, and gathered shells and weeds upon the sands, and visited poor people in their cottages, and sat under evangelical ministers, and allowed the age to go by, and to be as wild and dissolute as it chose. They hoped and waited for better times, and the better times came at last, and have continued, and will endure, we trust.

Some of the profligate young princes of the last reign were dead, and those who remained, being gray and worn out, shut themselves up and did not exhibit their excesses in public. But they had left behind them their mistresses and their parasites, the nobles who emulated them in their vices, the rich rôturiers who emulated the nobles, the snobs who emulated the rôturiers, and a crowd besides of adventurers, sharpers, led captains, and convenient men. There was in London a populous colony of Anglo-Greeks, who had never, indeed, seen Athens or Byzantium, but who were, nevertheless, Greeks of the lower Empire—the very lowest of all—being affiliated to the dominions of the devil. The young generation was vicious, as their fathers had been vicious before them. Party-spirit ran high. We had been on the verge of a revolution about Catholic Emancipation, of another about Parliamentary Reform. Every thing was disorganized. The practicability of seizing the property of the church and abolishing the bishops was openly discussed by politicians, who have now subsided into moderate men of Conservative tendencies. There were commissions sitting upon every thing, with a view to the abrogation of most things. Barristers of seven years' standing fattened upon the treasures wrung from the sinecurists, and the pension-holders of the old Black Book. Commissioners and inspectors became as great a nuisance and burden to the country as the clerks of the Pipe or the Tellers of the Exchequer had been. Brougham and Birkbeck had bent down the branches of the tree of knowledge within the reach of poor men, who for centuries had been permitted to sodden in ignorance, and these were greedily gorging themselves with the unaccustomed food, and so fell into surfeits, and had malignant distempers, leading them to break spinning-jennies, burn down hayricks, and congregate with black flags and death's-head and cross-bones trumpery in riotous mobs, demanding "bread or blood." Upon which, the Whigs, their political preceptors, who had taught them to talk about their rights and claim the privilege of free meeting and speaking, sent down special commissions, headed by Whig judges, into the provinces to try the newly-emancipated serfs for sedition, combination, unlawfully assembling, and other misdeeds, of which they, the Whigs, in times gone by, had humorously taught them the trick.

I say that every thing was disorderly and disorganized. Every body had his theory for regenerating society, but lacked sincere faith in his own nostrums, and so after a while deserted them. It was a reign of terror without much blood. The Whigs had to hang some of their deluded disciples at Bristol, and to transport some more at Dorchester and elsewhere; and in Ireland there was, as there always is, a good deal of assassination; but beyond this, and a few private duels, the warfare was mostly one of words and principles. Abusive language was in vogue. In *Blackwood's Magazine* the Tories bespattered the Whigs and Radicals with foul words, such as beggars in their drink would not lay upon their callets. In the *Quarterly* a writer, styled "Right Honorable," who had been in Parliament, Secretary to the Admiralty, but was best known as the pander to a depraved nobleman, devoted his energies to the gallant and graceful task of throwing mud at ladies who ventured to write books, and presumed to hold liberal politics. In *Fraser*, the witty Doctor Maginn used to date from public houses—never twice from the same gin-shop—the raciest, most scurrilous Billingsgate, against the Whig nobility, and the Radical rabbledom. In the same high Tory magazine a great Scotchman was writing philosophical Chartism. Nothing was settled. Some people screamed the eternal Yes; to which others responded by howling the everlasting No. No reputations were safe; no principles were held sacred. Reverence, gratitude, decency, had gone to sleep for a while. O'Connell called Wellington a "stunted corporal," and Alvanley a "bloated buffoon," and Disraeli the younger "a lineal descendant of the impenitent thief." That now staid county member, lord of a manor, leader of the Tory party, and flying buttress of the church, was then wearing long ringlets and black velvet pantaloons, and writing revolutionary epics, and wondrous tales of Alroy. Nothing was settled. Some crooned forth the pæan of crazy hope, while others intoned the liturgy of despair. Some drowned themselves in the Serpentine of Skepticism, and others jumped into the Slough of Puseyism, The Roman Catholics alone were steadfast and active and wide awake, and made the most of every thing. The drama was in a seemingly hopeless state of decline. Charles Kean had appeared, and Tragedy gave up, for a time, the ghost. Grimaldi was paralyzed. Sontag and Pasta had gone away. Malibran was not to be heard much longer. There were no historical painters but Haydon, whose Entry into Jerusalem was in pawn for a milk-score. Highwaymen and pickpockets had begun to be the heroes of romances. Cocking had cast himself into space in a parachute, and coming into contact with the earth was smashed to death. A crafty Frenchman lured many hundreds of simpletons into taking tickets for a passage in his navigable balloon or aeriel ship. Then, timeously he ran away, and left them with their tickets, and an empty bag of oiled silk. There were people who did not believe in steam. There were others who did believe in it, but held that locomotives and paddle steamers were only the precursors of the end of the world. Meanwhile, Chat Moss had been drained by Stephenson, and Brunel was piercing the Thames tunnel. But nothing was settled. Nobody knew where any thing was to end. Steam and skepticism and tractarianism and Murphy's weather almanac, the abolition of slavery and the labor of children in factories, Warren's blacking and Rowland's Macassar, lions and tigers at Drury Lane, and the patents taken away therefrom, and from Convent Garden, too; commutation of tithes and reform of municipal corporations, charity commissions and the new Poor-law, chartism, trades-unionism, and the unknown tongues, oceans of pamphlets, new clubs starting up all over the West-end, pigtails, knee-breeches, and hair-powder beginning to be laughed at, and Brougham jumping up and down on the wool-sack like a parched pea in a fire-shovel, instead of gravely doubting, and doubting for years as Eldon had done: all these, with Irish outrages, colonial discontents and embarrassing relations with foreign powers (order reigned in Warsaw, and "Vive les Polonais!" in Paris meant the erection of barricades and a tussle between the blouses and the soldiery), made up a chaotic whirlwind of sand and pebbles and brickbats and scraps of paper, the whole accompanied by a prodigious noise, driving peaceably-minded people half-blind, and half-deaf, and parcel-mad. There were some of a desponding turn of mind, who said, "artum est de republicâ," and went off to New York. For nothing was settled.

Is it to be wondered at, then, that the morals of the epoch were dissolute? Political morality was at a discount; private morality fell likewise below par. Reckless demonstrativeness only was at a premium. We hear, in these days, of muscular Christianity. From 1832 to 1837 muscular devilry was in the ascendant. There was no slyness, no hypocrisy at all about the rakes of the period. The young bloods were well-nigh as candid in their overt acts as Sedley and Buckhurst and Rochester had been in Charles's days. The three dukes, by-blows of one king, who slew the watchman in Whetstone Park for a frolic, found lineal descendants who, however, held at their hands at knocking down policemen—always provided that the policemen did not knock them down instead. The Mohawks had arisen again. The young patricians were behaving themselves very much in the fashion of young blackguards, and the blackguards had no option but to behave themselves like the patricians.

Francis Blunt, Esq., and Monsieur Constant, had left Stockwell shortly after eleven o'clock. The hackney coachman had been well paid, and promised an extra fee for speed, but the era of rapid Hansoms was yet to come, and it was nearly midnight when the two jaded horses that drew his vehicle clattered over Westminster Bridge. Mr. Blunt felt so exhausted that he was compelled to descend at a tavern on the Surrey side of the bridge and refresh himself with a small glass of brandy. He re-entered the coach, making wry faces, and declaring the liquor to be abominable. Constant treated the coachman to a glass of ale, but did not presume to accompany his master to the bar of the tavern. He partook, outside, of a moderate sip from a small pocket-flask.

"Why didn't you tell me you had something to drink with you?" said the dandy, pettishly, as he saw his companion replace the flask in a side-pocket.

"I could not venture to ask monsieur—" began the valet, gravely.

"I dare say you couldn't, Constant. You're a sly fox, and always keep the best of the game to yourself. Here, give me the bottle. I have need of a little Dutch courage to-night."

Mr. Blunt took a pretty heavy draught of the Dutch courage, which was, indeed, the very best French cognac. He took a pretty deep draught of it for a man of such delicately-strung nerves.

"Capital brandy," he murmured, smacking his lips. "You have a talent for buying the best of every thing for yourself. Why on earth did you allow me to go into that atrocious gin-palace?"

"It is for monsieur to lead the way."

"And for you constantly and carefully to avoid following me, and to allow me to fall into the lions' den. Constant, do you know what I have to do to-night?"

"To be bold and to win."

"You have taught me how to manage the one. I think I can depend on my own presence of mind for the other. But do you know how much I want?"

"Monsieur's wants are extensive."

"And so are yours, monsieur the sleeping partner. Egad, unless I rise from the table a winner of five thousand pounds I am a ruined man."

"Monsieur's creditors indeed are pressing."

"The creditors be hanged," Francis Blunt, Esq., returned, with much equanimity. "It isn't for them I shall have to sit up till five o'clock this morning. But there are debts of honor, Constant, that must be paid. I owe Carleton fifteen hundred. I owe the Italian prince, what's his name? Marigliano, a monkey. I must send that she-wolf of mine a hundred pounds before to-morrow afternoon, or she will be crawling after me as usual. And then my ready money is all gone, or nearly so. I don't think I've got fifty pounds in my pocket. I've dropped over sixty pounds at that school at Clapham, Rhodo-something House, to pay for that little brat:—that was by your advice, Monsieur Jean Baptiste. I tell you that I must have five thousand pounds out of Debonnair before sunrise or I am done. I must have ready money to go abroad with, and then Dobree has most of my valuables; and then there are your wages, Constant."

"And my commission, if monsieur pleases."

"And your commission, most immaculate of commercial agents. Five per cent., is it not? You go abroad with me, Constant, so that you know I am perfectly safe. By-the-way, you couldn't manage to take the hundred to the she-wolf to-night, could you?"

"Ready money is not very plentiful," returned the valet, after some consideration; "but I think I can contrive to obtemperate by a little finessing to monsieur's demand. Might I, however, ask him to promise me one little thing?"

"What is it, Constant, a rise in your wages?"

"Monsieur's service is sufficiently remunerative," answered the valet, and I believe he spoke with perfect sincerity. "It is not that."

"What then?"

"Not to touch the dice to-night. As an amusement they are admirable, as a commercial operation they are destruction."

"Confound the bones, I know they are," Mr. Blunt, with some discomposure, acknowledged. "If I had stuck to the coups you taught me at Vanjohn I should have made ten thousand this season alone. I never get that infernal box in my hand without coming to grief in some way or another. And yet what money I have won."

"And what money lost."

"Your answer is unanswerable. Yes; I will promise you. I will keep my head cool, and won't touch ivory to-night."

"You are going to Crockford's."

"Must go there, you know. Sha'n't stop an hour. The only way of luring my pigeon out."

"And then?"

"To the umbrella-shop, of course. The worthy Count Cubford will expect his commission, of course, on the transaction, for permission to play Vanjohn in his sanctum. Every body wants his commission nowadays. I wonder Langhorne, of the Guards, doesn't ask for fifteen per cent. for having introduced me to Debonnair."

"You will be able to afford it if you only follow the instructions I gave you. You—I mean monsieur—must keep his head very cool, and, as much as possible, his eyes fixed on his opponent. Monsieur must never lose his temper, and never grow tired. Then, if he takes care, and Debonnair is gris enough, he will win his five thousand and more before morning."

"I believe I shall. Five thousand pounds are more than five thousand louis, most unsophisticated foreigner. Where are we? Oh, Charing Cross. We'll get rid of this ramshackle old tub here. I shall go to the club and have a warm bath, and then—"

"To St. James's Street?"

"No, Gamridge's. After that the business of the evening will commence. The night is young yet. It isn't a quarter past twelve."

"I shall therefore have the honor to leave monsieur?"

"Exactly, you will have that honor, most courteous Constant. You may also have the honor of staying out as late as you like on this side of six: for I can't expect to be home before that time, but please sit up for me, that you may know the results of the campaign. It may be an Austerlitz, you know, but it may turn out a Waterloo. Good-night. I have no vices to warn you against, for you don't seem to be troubled with any, or else you are up to them all, and keep them very dark indeed."

And so saying, Mr. Blunt waved his hand to his body-servant, and strode away in the direction of Pall Mall.

The valet paid the coachman five shillings in excess of his fare, at which jarvey drove away rejoicing. His master had flung him his cloak before leaving, saying that he would put on an overcoat, lighter in texture, at his club. Jean Baptiste Constant enveloped himself in this garment, but did not throw it into any melodramatic folds. It ceased to be the mantle of a Byronic-looking patrician. It was now merely the cloak of a highly-accomplished gentleman's valet, who knew his cloak and kept it.

"Yes," murmured Monsieur Jean Baptiste Constant, very softly, to himself, as he walked round the hoarding of those old mews once occupying the area of Trafalgar Square, but then just in process of demolition, "it may be Austerlitz, and it may be Waterloo—more than Waterloo—it may end in St. Helena and captivity, and death. Ah! je tresis l'enfant. Ah, that dear old nabob at Cutchapore who writes such pretty letters about his little niece! Ah! le beau jeu que le vingt et un. Allons voir la Louve."

It was rather late at night to pay a visit to a she-wolf; but Monsieur Constant seemed bent on the enterprise, and diving into St. Martin's Lane, and through the mazes of Cranbourn Alley, was very soon in Leicester Place, Leicester Square.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HOTEL RATAPLAN.

I don't know what has become of the Hotel Rataplan in these days. The neighborhood of "Laycesterre Squarr" is no more exempt from mutability than its Anglo-Saxon vicinage; and Rataplan may have faded into decadence, or undergone an aristocratic change of name—even as Bug has been lately transmuted into Norfolk Howard—or have been swept away altogether. It is not a matter of much consequence. It is no part of my business here, at least, to follow the vicissitudes of every house in London town. I am treating of the year '36; and in '36 the Rataplan flourished exceedingly, and was very much the Hotel Rataplan indeed.

Désiré Rataplan kept it. He was a gross, fat Frenchman. He looked not only like a landlord but a cook; and a capital cook he was. Who lards fat pullets should himself be fat, and Rataplan was larded all over. He was the most unctuous-looking man it is possible to conceive, and his face, like that of many other fat men, was perfectly pale and colorless. The great art of figure-painters is, I have heard, dextrously to represent flesh that has not an adventitious teint basané in immediate juxtaposition with white linen. For this reason the clumsy painters, when they give us a man or woman dressed in white, usually make the flesh swarthy, or sallow, or sanguinolent. Rubens is considered to have been the only painter who really triumphed over the difficulties of chair contre linge. His successors should have come to the Hotel Rataplan and studied its proprietor. Rataplan was head cook in his own hotel, and wore the orthodox costume of chef. His jacket, his night-cap, his long apron, his duck trowsers, his slippers, were all white, and dirty white. His face and hands were dirty white too, and yet the contrast between his lineaments and his habiliments was marked with satisfactory strength. It was the texture, perhaps, that did it. Otherwise, face and garments were identical. He looked like a pierrot who had grown fat. No, he didn't; he looked like what he was—a cook.

Rataplan's countenance was so seamed and pitted with traces of the small-pox that his cheeks presented a not remote resemblance to one of his own colanders. He had very little hair, and that was gray, and cropped close to his head à la malcontent, and all but concealed under his night-cap. Not a trace of beard, or whisker, or mustache did he show. Perhaps the heat of the fire had dried up the capillary forces, or the steam of many sauce-pans had acted as a depilatory. He was splashed in many places with ancient gravy, giving him the appearance of a blotted skin of parchment. He wore ear-rings. He had a thin gold ring on his left hand to tongue; and, strange to tell, Rataplan wore over his heart a discolored red ribbon sewed on the breast of his jacket, and which he declared to be that of the French Legion of Honor.

"Received from the hand of the Emperor himself on the field of Arcis-sur-Aube," he was accustomed to say. "C'est là que nous avons flanqué une raclée à ces canailles d'Autrichiens. Et les Cosaques! hein! c'est Désiré Rataplan qui leur donna à boire et a manger en 1813. Ma parole d'honneur, je les ai accommodés à toutes sauces ces Cosaques."

He declared that he had the cross of the Legion itself up stairs in a box. He had not always been a cook. Désiré Rataplan had served in the Grand Army. He had fought at the Beresina. He had been at Leipsic. He only missed Waterloo because the regiment to which he belonged had been stationed behind the Loire. "Et on m'a appelé brigand de la Loire, moi qui vous parle," he would say.

His regiment, he stated, was the Trente-septième Léger; but this his hearers would obstinately refuse to believe. That a soldier of the Grand Army should become a hotel-keeper or a cook was no such very astonishing thing; but that so corpulent a man should have served in the light infantry exceeded reason and probability. He endeavored to reconcile assertion with fact by stating that he had been drum-major to the Thirty-seventh. But his auditors remained obstinately incredulous. As a sapper and miner, as a heavy cuirassier, as a Grenadier of the Old Guard even, they were willing to accept him; but they declined all credence to his ever having been a "light bob."

He appealed to his wife. "Madame Rataplan was my comrade," he would say. "She was cantinière to the Trente-septième. She gave her own tabatière once to the Emperor, when he was out of snuff. Davoust has taken la goutte from her over and over again. Monsieur Le Prince d'Eckmuhl was very partial to Madame Rataplan."

To which Madame, who was a meek, brown little woman, usually habited in a chintz bed-jacket and a petticoat of blue serge, as though she had never had time thoroughly to equip herself in feminine attire after resigning the tunic and pantaloons of a cantinière, would reply: "T'as raison mon homme. C'est y moi-z-aussi qu'a servi le Grand Homme."

They were all frantic in their fanaticism for the memory of the great man. In a dozen rooms of the Hotel Rataplan his portrait was hung. There was a plaster statue of him in the hall; an ormolu bust over a clock in the coffee-room. Rataplan would have called his hostelry the Hotel Napoleon but for the entreaties of his wife, who represented that the establishment was of so humble a character that to affix the name of the Great Man to it would be desecration. He did a very comfortable business at the Hotel Rataplan, however.

M. Rataplan had two children. Désiré, his son and heir, was away in France, head-waiter at Calais, till in the fullness of time it should be his lot to assume the direction of the establishment in Leicester Place. "I should have placed him sous les drapeaux, to serve his country as a soldier," said the paternal Rataplan; "but what is that flag, what is that caricature of the tricolor I see now:

> Hélas soudain tristement il s'écrie
> C'est un drapeau que je ne connais pas.
> Ah! si jamais vous vengez la patrie,
> Dieu, mes enfants, vous donne un beau trépas."

He was very fond of quoting Béranger's Vieux Sergent, although he certainly looked much more like the foolish fat scullion in Tristram Shandy than a relic of the Empire. He had a daughter, Adèle, aged seventeen, whose only duties until she was old enough to be married were, as her parents understood those duties, to keep her eyes cast down, and to divide her time between needle-work and the piano-forte. She had a tambour-frame in the office of the hotel, and a pretty little cottage piano in her own little sitting-room; and she played, and sewed, and kept her eyes cast down with exemplary assiduity.

Stay! The list of the family is not quite complete. There was a very large poodle dog by the name of Azor, who in youth had been a sprightly animal, capable of going through the martial exercise and performing numerous other tricks, by means of which poodles have ere this won fame and fortune for their masters on the public stage. But Azor had grown lazy from long possession of the run of his teeth, in such a land of honey as the kitchen of a hotel. Formerly he used to be shaved, but was now allowed to wear the totality of his shaggy coat, so that he resembled a small polar bear quite as much as he did a large poodle.

Finally, there was at the Hotel Rataplan a prodigious old woman, who was called La Mère Thomas. Nobody could tell with precision who she was. Some said she was Rataplan's grandmother. Others that she was madame's aunt. She was evidently a kinswoman, for she tutoyéd the whole family, called Rataplan mon bichon, and his wife mabiche, and occasionally boxed the ears of Adèle, apostrophizing her as "eté Jeunesse, comme ça pousse! comme ça pousse!" when she ventured to raise her eyes to glance at a passing stranger. La Mère Thomas was of immense, but uncertain age. Her complexion was of a fine mahogany color, and she wore a mustache that might have been envied by many a subaltern in the Life Guards. On her chin, too, there sprouted sundry hairs, which, but for her otherwise jovial appearance, would have given her an uncomfortable family likeness to one of the witches in Macbeth. La Mère Thomas wore a crimson and yellow pocket-handkerchief bound lightly round her head and tied in a bow in front, another silk handkerchief crossed over her ample bosom and tied behind her, very much in the style adopted by the engaging damsels resident in the neighborhood of Ratcliff Highway, a large gold cross at her neck, a skirt of some indescribable fabric and of no color at all—people said it had originally been a flannel petticoat pieced with a soot-bag—and carpet slippers, like an upholsterer's assistant. She snuffed continually from one of those little tin boxes with a perforated top, like those which are used to keep gentles for fishing in. She was the night porter at the Hotel Rataplan, and travelers, whom she had let in very late, declared that she habitually smoked a short pipe after two in the morning. Her conversation was not copious. To the majority of questions addressed to her, her ordinary and expressive, but ungenteel reply, was Fichtre! Her English was monosyllabic, and not abundant, although she had been at least ten years in this country. She was a hearty old soul, however, and very fond of beer, which she drank by the quart.

Such was the Rataplan family. They were a good-natured group, all very fond of one another, and quarreling very seldom, as is the foolish manner with these French people.

The hotel was conducted without the slightest ostentation, but was, nevertheless, a sufficiently prosperous speculation. It was eminently French. Turning from Leicester Place into the hotel you might have fancied yourself at once in France—not necessarily in Paris, but in some provincial town. The hall was flagged with the same dirty marble, decorated with the same sham bronzes, and hung with the same array of shrill tinkling bells. The walls were gay with the same highly decorated placards relating to chocolate, corn plasters, bills, elastic corsets, and hotels at Geneva, Lille, Dunkirk—or, say Carpentras and Brives-la-Gaillarde. There was a little poky office, with pigeon holes for the lodgers' candlesticks, and numbered plates and hooks for their keys, a green-shaded lamp on the escritoire, limp, green, shagreen-covered registers to keep the accounts in, a long, low arm-chair covered with Utrecht velvet for Mademoiselle Adèle, another higher and black leather covered for La Mère Thomas. Madame Rataplan was seldom seen in the upper regions. She was, in fact, head chambermaid, her assistant being a dirty Irish girl, with a face like a kidney potato, and many chilblains, who got on very well with the Rataplans, principally for the reason that they were Roman Catholics. The salle à manger was a long, low room, uncarpeted, and the floor beeswaxed, furnished with the usual array of rush-bottomed chairs, the usual litter of half-emptied wine bottles, dingy napkins in dingier bone rings, knives that wouldn't cut, forks lacking their proper complement of prongs, copies of the *Siècle* and the *Charivari* seven days old, and a big mezzotint engraving after Horace Vernet, representing Napoleon rising from the Tomb. Every thing was very French indeed. Every thing was very dear indeed. There was a table d'hôte every day at half past six, at which the cookery was admirable and the wines were detestable. The hotel was generally full of foreigners. The Rataplan clientèle abroad was extensive; and foreign visitors to England were accustomed to declare that, although the hotel accommodation of perfidious Albion was in general execrable, that offered by the Hotel Rataplan was passable mais diablement cher. They did not seem to be aware of the possibility of any hotels existing any where in London out of Leicester Place, or at least "Laycesterre Squarr."

Rataplan, then, prospered. He only kept one waiter, a young man from Alençon, named Antoine, with a red head and a face like a fox. This serviteur appeared by day in a waistcoat with black calico sleeves and baggy pantaloons of blue canvas terminating in stocking feet. He was accustomed to shout "Vous etreservi," or "Vous y êtes," from the upper regions, but never to come down till he had been rung for at least a dozen times. At table d'hôte time he appeared in the black tail coat and white cravat de rigueur, and carried a serviette in lieu of a feather broom under his arm. He was very good-natured, and save on the question of the reckoning, passably honest. He had taught the Irish servant girl to play piquet with him, and when any of the lodgers wanted a little quiet gambling Antoine was always ready with a portable roulette box with an ivory ball. He did not appear to cheat until he was found out.

I have forgotten to state that from basement to roof the Hotel Rataplan smelt very strongly of tobacco-smoke.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

UPON thy banks once more I sit,
Oh! river of my happy days,
Whose memories on my heart are writ
In lines which time can not erase;
The tuneful water ripples by
A shore of daisy-spangled green,
And on the grass I sit and sigh,
"What might have been! what might have been!"

Flow on, flow on, my happy stream,
With gentle murmur day and night,
And never want a sunny beam,
And be thy shores for ever bright;
My life might once have flowed as well,
In peaceful calm, for which it yearned,
But its wild waters would rebel,
And to another channel turned.

Flow on, oh! river of my life,
Whose flowery banks are left behind;
Flow on, mad stream that chose the strife,
And now no more repose can find:
I wandered from my mother's arms,
My better angel passed unseen,
I overlooked the truest charms,
And lost the world that might have been.

"MY LITTLE SISTER."

"WHERE'S Keighly? Has any body seen Keighly?" asked the Colonel, suddenly, and with anxious looks all about him as if he expected Captain Keighly to answer the question by bodily presence.

"Captain Keighly—who has seen him?" he demanded in a louder tone. A sergeant stepped forward, touching his cap.

"Captain Keighly is in the tint yonder—wounded, yur Honor."

"Badly?"

"I think he was, Sur. I caught him when he fell, and the blood was spurting from his side," answered Sergeant Murphy.

The face of the Colonel, that a moment since had been bright with triumph, now took on a sad, foreboding look.

"It was a famous victory," and Colonel Decker had distinguished himself, but if Jim Keighly was killed how much heart had he for success? He asked himself something like this as he went toward the "tint yonder" that Sergeant Murphy pointed out.

There he lay, who had been the foremost in the fight, his stalwart figure helpless, his ardent face ghastly with approaching dissolution. Decker saw it all at once as he entered. He could have cried out with sorrow, for almost as men love a woman had Tom Decker loved Jim Keighly.

The hollow, dying eyes grew brighter at sight of the Colonel. Decker himself could not speak. A man of singular eloquence and readiness of speech, he was dumb now. So it was Keighly who spoke first.

He smiled—the old gay smile; it wrung Decker's heart to see it—and said, faintly,

"We've won, Colonel!"

How the gay smile ran through the faint voice, and made it jubilant!

"Yes, Jim, we've won."

What was it in these simple words that conveyed another assurance than of victory to Captain Keighly? He had scarcely thought of himself. They had carried him in here after he was wounded, and he had thought only of the "famous victory." What else? His wound was not painful. He did not suffer save from weakness. He was very faint to be sure. What else, then, but the famous victory should fill his mind? But when Decker's dejected tones answered him; when, looking up radiant, he met Decker's grief-stricken face, his mind took in another idea. "It was a famous victory," but he was drifting away from it.

He turned his head and saw the sad looks of the two or three fellow-officers. Then back again to Decker.

"I believe I am going, Tom—is it so?"

There was no military etiquette between them now, and Decker's silence was the only response to these words. The two grasped hands. A moment more, then a spasm of anguish contracted Jim Keighly's face.

"What is it, Jim?"

"My little sister. I leave her all alone in the world. There is nobody—to look—out—" The voice was breaking off forever.

"I will look out for her, Jim. You leave her to me, old friend. To me, Jim—to Tom Decker—you'll trust me, dear old fellow;" and Decker's voice broke off too, but for sorrow.

How the dusky, dying eyes lit here.

"To Tom—Decker. Yes—yes—I trust him. Tell her—good-by—Tom. Dear little Elly. To—Tom Decker!" The dying eyes opened once more. There was a movement of the lips—no words. The arms stretched out with their last strength, and those two men embraced each other.

"It was a famous victory." But Jim Keighly lay dead. That was the price that Tom Decker paid. For two or three years these two had been such friends as history sometimes points out, or that sometimes discovers its splendid rarity to you in the modern days of life. Men who loved one another. And now Jim Keighly lay dead. Those whose natures can understand such a friendship between man and man can understand all the desolation that fell upon Tom Decker with this fact. Desolate, though covered with honor for his gallantry upon this field of battle, he went home on leave of absence. He had no family. There was only one tie to call him from his soldier's post. "My little sister."

As he walked the deck of the steamer that was bearing him on his way he thought perpetually of the loss that sent him.

"What a wonderful fellow he was—so true, so generous, so simple and brave! There was not another like him."

And he thought of the brief time that seemed so long, because so full, since their companionship. Business friends at first in New York. As soon as they knew each other more, friends and lovers for life—ay, and for death! Noble souls both of them, each loved the nobility in the other.

And he thought of this little sister. Honest Jim Keighly was not a man given to talking much of himself and connections. Decker knew that his sole relative, a sister, was somewhere up in Vermont, with old friends of the family. And now and then Jim would be absent on a visit to her, and now and then he would speak of "my little sister."

Thinking of all this, and in view of her loss, his heart ached for the little lonely thing. He had a dim fancy that in one of his visits to her Jim had carried her a doll for a gift. He didn't know much about children, especially little girls; but wouldn't it be a good thing for him to open her heart to him by carrying her a doll? So, with all tenderness and gentleness, this military hero turned these questions over and over in his mind with as much anxiety as he had ever turned over some weighty question of war or business. And when he started from New York northward, packed away in his valise was the most wonderful doll he could find in all New York. But in spite of this Parisian *bonne bouche* to win his way, I do not think that Colonel Decker ever contemplated a military step, or found himself in any situation, civil, social, or military, which embarrassed him like the thought of the coming interview with Jim Keighly's little sister. He wasn't used to children, and, to tell the truth, was a little afraid of them, regarding them with that mixture of gentleness and distrust which perplexes many of the tenderest men who have never been much associated with children. He always expected them to cry at any moment; and in anticipation of this catastrophe he was rather shy of making advances. With these ancient feelings, revived and exaggerated by the peculiarity of his position, Colonel Decker "waited" in the great old-fashioned parlor at High Mount, the place of the Westerlyns, just outside of Montpelier, the present home of Elly Keighly.

He heard a voice calling "Elly! Elly!" and to fortify himself he glanced nervously at the oblong box containing Elly's doll. "Elly! Elly!" and then some murmured words of explanation; and then a hush; and then the light fall of little feet. He looked anxiously toward the door; but it was a young lady who entered. So Elly wouldn't come. He went forward in his direct way.

"I am Colonel Decker, Captain Keighly's friend. I was with him when he died. He gave his little sister to my charge—a welcome charge to me, you will understand, for Captain Keighly was my best friend. Do you think the child will see me?"

He paused for an answer, looking still anxiously toward the door. The pause was so long his eyes came back more observantly to her whom he questioned. She was standing before him with a far-away look on her face—a young pale face, full of the self-absorption of some great sorrow. So absorbed was she there was no room for any personal consciousness. And when she raised her head at last and said, so simply, "*I* am Captain Keighly's sister," Tom Decker forgot his peculiar position, and lost any embarrassment he might have felt in the pity and sympathy that overwhelmed him at sight of that utterly stricken face and the dejected tones.

She sat down by him, and with a quiet gravity that was more heart-breaking than sobs and tears, listened while he spoke of the dead. She looked so like Jim, as she listened there, with her patient, melancholy face—so like Jim, and yet so unlike him in the drooping helplessness of her youth and sex—and her calm was so eloquent of the desolateness that had come to her, that altogether it was almost more than brave Tom Decker could bear. It was not until he had left her presence, and was driving back to town, that he realized what his mistake involved.

So this was Elly, the little sister whom he had received in charge from dying Jim Keighly. The consolation that he had anticipated was entirely out of place. A doll would not console this Elly Keighly whom he had seen. And then he remembered, with a half smile, that he had left the oblong box, with its Parisian treasure, upon the parlor-table at High Mount. But how could he console her? How could he be of service to his charge without wounding her delicacy? She had seemed a child to her brother—"My little sister." "Well, she can not be more than twenty," reasoned Colonel Decker. "She *is* a child to me, as she was to Jim: fifteen years makes some difference. I hope she'll see it so."

But the reasoning and the perplexed questioning proved that he feared she wouldn't.

He went to see her again the next day, and the next, and the next, until the days ran into weeks.

"She has such simplicity and fresh-heartedness, and she loved Jim so deeply that by-and-by she will associate me so with him that she will let me take his place as far as I can."

This was what the Colonel had meant to bring about by lingering and waiting so long. To take Jim's place to her as brother and guardian. She needed such a protector sorely enough, for with Jim Keighly's brave life had departed the sole support of hers. And to have her go out teaching, or any thing of that kind, this young, gently-nurtured, delicate creature, why it would have broken Jim Keighly's heart. He had taken steps, too, to prevent any such necessity. There had been an investment which promised ample support to her; but three months ago, what had seemed so safe to Captain Keighly proved rotten to the core, and thus Elly Keighly was pretty nearly penniless at the saddest time of her existence. So it was that Colonel Decker staid to let time and association teach Elly Keighly to regard him as a brother in Jim's stead. And waiting for this teaching he found himself taught quite another lesson.

There came a day when something must be said; for the furlough was nearly out. He began to her when she came into greet him that morning:

"Elly, in two weeks I must go back to my regiment."

Elly. He could call her Elly now for Jim's sake. He thought she loved now for Jim's sake.

"Elly, in two weeks I must go back to my regiment."

Not a word did she answer him. He waited, looking down at her. Such a pretty pale face, noble like Jim's, yet full of girlish freshness. By-and-by it lifted to him.

"I want to ask your advice about something before you go, because you were Jim's friend, and he would like to have had me appeal to you first for advice."

Yes, as Jim's friend. He had taught her the lesson. Well?

"What a blockhead I have been!" he murmured inwardly.

"I have had an invitation from the principal of the High Hill school to become a teacher there, but Mrs. Westerlyn thinks I had better take a situation as governess. The Gaylords need a governess in town this winter, and Mrs. Westerlyn thinks I might get the post."

She went on to tell him of the advantages and disadvantages of each place, that he might give her a clear judgment, but he hardly heard a word of what she said, his thoughts were in such a tumult.

"It must not be, it must not be!" he broke out at last.

She looked at him astonished.

"Elly, let me tell you how I came here." And he told her of his mistake in supposing she was a child; of his perplexity and doubt as he thought of their interview; and of the doll he had purchased on the way, to open her heart to him. "I had adopted you there at Jim's death-bed, Elly, for—'my little sister.'" With a broken voice he repeated every word that passed between her brother and himself at that death-bed. He had never told her all before: he could not.

"He gave you to me, Elly; his last words were: 'To Tom Decker.' You shall live here, or where you like; but you must let me do for you as Jim did. I have nothing else to do with what I have. Elly, it would have been the bitterest anguish to Jim to have had you wearing your life away in teaching. And, Elly, think—I am fifteen years your senior. You *are* a little child to me. And think too, Elly, that I loved him, and he loved me. He trusted you to me, Elly."

"There," he thought; "that is the only way now, and I will make it easy to her." But all the time he was groaning at "the way." While he was talking Elly's face was growing red and pale by turns, and the tears ran down her cheeks.

"No, no. I can't, I can't!" she presently faltered, never looking up, but trembling visibly in her effort at control.

"Elly, are you so proud? He was my only friend. I loved him almost like a woman. He left you to me as a legacy. It was my consolation."

"No, it is not because I am proud; but I can not, I can not!"

"*Why*, Elly?"

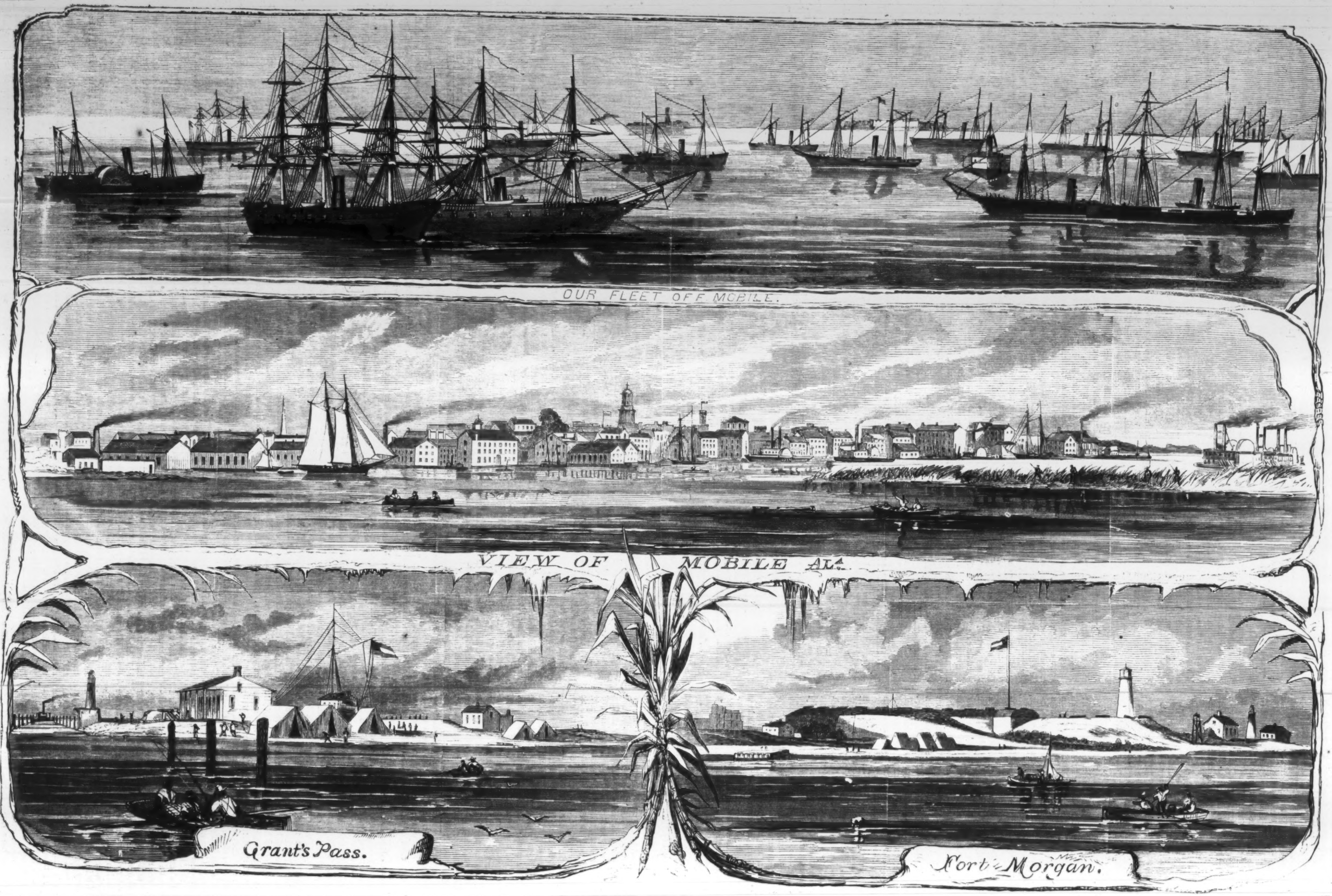
She looked up for an instant at that appealing voice. Her secret was in her eyes, but she did not know it.

"Elly!" There was a new tone in the voice. Every thing had changed at once to him as he met her eyes.

"Elly, will you hear another story? Will you let me plead a different cause? If you had listened to the other I should never have told this, because I should have known then that that was your choice. But now—Elly, you will not be 'my little sister.' Oh, Elly, can you be my wife?"

And in this last sentence the whole story of love was told. What did Elly say? What *could* Elly say, who all the time had loved him too well to be his "little sister?"

And this is the end of my story, but not of theirs. God grant it may not end for a long, long time to them. Colonel Decker has been on other battle-fields since then, and he has won other laurels, but the one he holds most sacred of any is that where Captain Keighly lies buried; and sometimes, in the silence of his tent at night, he seems to hear again those last words—"To—Tom Decker."


OUR FLEET OFF MOBILE.
VIEW OF MOBILE ALA.
Grant's Pass.
Fort Morgan.

MOBILE AND ITS DEFENSES.

WE give on page 204 an illustration showing the position of the Federal fleet off the harbor of Mobile, together with the defenses of the harbor. At last accounts (25th ult.) Admiral FARRAGUT was bombarding *Fort Powell*, which commands Grant's Pass, on the left of the picture. This fort is bomb-proof, but, under the vigorous fire directed against it, could not, it was believed at the date of the latest advices, long hold out. The reduction of this fort is necessary to enable FARRAGUT to send his mosquito fleet through the Pass into the harbor of Mobile, by which he will cut off forts Gaines and Morgan. The distance from Fort Powell is thirty miles, nine of which are through a narrow channel, with its banks fortified the entire distance. Fort Morgan is a very strong work, protected on the sea front by a strong water-battery of masonry and turf. The fort and battery, with their full battery, mount forty-five guns, mostly Columbiads of heavy calibre. Fort Gaines is situated on Dauphin's Island Point, three miles and one fourth from and nearly opposite Fort Morgan, and is heavily mounted. Vessels drawing more than seven and a half feet are compelled to pass between these forts; and obstructions placed in the channel will make the passage for FARRAGUT still more difficult.

Mobile is one of the largest cities on the Gulf, and is fairly environed by defenses thrown up during the last two years. The authorities, however, do not appear to feel secure against assault; for on the 25th ult. the Mayor of the city issued a proclamation requesting all non-combatants to leave the city, intimating that its capture was not impossible, and that in any case, if the city should be besieged, suffering might result from the want of supplies.

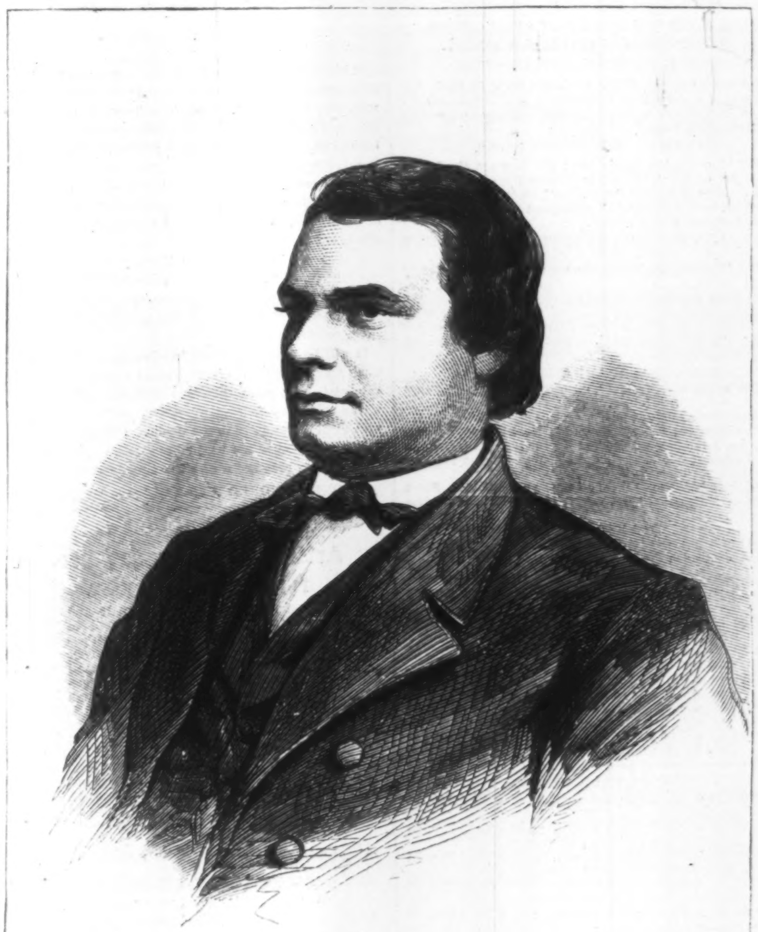
HONORABLE MICHAEL HAHN,

GOVERNOR OF LOUISIANA.

THE 4th of March was the beginning of a new era in the history of Louisiana. Not only was the Federal authority on that day formally re-established, but a State Administration fully in accord with the liberal spirit of the times was installed amidst the rejoicings of thousands of citizens. The inauguration of MICHAEL HAHN, the Governor elect, whose portrait we here give, was attended by a grand and imposing display—all the school-children of the city, all the veteran and volunteer soldiers, all the Federal and city officials participating in the demonstration. The inauguration ceremonies took place in Lafayette Square, which was densely crowded with people. Mr. HAHN, when formally installed, delivered his Inaugural Address, pledging himself to an unconditionally loyal policy, and taking high ground in favor of the extinction of Slavery, which he denominated the cause of all our present troubles.

Governor HAHN was born in Bavaria, Germany, in the year 1830, and is consequently in the thirty-fourth year of his age. He came to this country when a mere child, his mother settling in New York city. When ten years of age, he went with his mother and sisters to Texas, whence, some time after, they removed to New Orleans, where Mr. Hahn has ever since resided. In 1840 his mother died of yellow fever. At the age of 18 he commenced the study of the law, and at 20 graduated with honor at the Louisiana University, at once taking a prominent position in the community.

In politics Mr. HAHN was always a Democrat, and in the last Presidential campaign was a member of the DOUGLAS Executive Committee. When secession was first proposed in the spring of 1861, he took strong ground against it, and during all the time the rebels ruled in New Orleans refused to fall in with the prevailing madness. Upon the occupation of New Orleans by our forces he was among the first to step forward to the help of General BUTLER. In December, 1862, Mr. HAHN was elected to Congress, where he soon became recognized as a man of undoubted patriotism and ability. He was elected Governor in February last by a majority of 996 over both competitors, in a total vote of 11,346, every loyal paper in the State supporting his claims for the exalted and responsible position.



HON. MICHAEL HAHN, GOVERNOR OF LOUISIANA.—[PHOT. BY THEO. LILIENTHAL, NEW ORLEANS.]

BY THE RIVER.

THE sunshine quivered on the quivering poplars
That grow beside the stream;
And o'er the distant hills there seemed a glory,
A gold and purple gleam;
And I know
That even in the March wind there was music,
And in the river's flow.

I loved to hear the sighing of the water,
To mark its green depths shine:
But more I loved two brown eyes, calm and tender,
A dear hand clasped in mine;
For I know
I thought that love would last forever, changeless,
Though rivers ceased to flow.

Gone is the sunshine from the quivering poplars,
The glory from the land;
Gone, the brown eyes that made the sunshine brighter,
And gone the clasping hand;
But I know
My tears are like the river—ah, the river!
That can not cease to flow.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

THE Fashions for March are very much modified by the Siberian state of the temperature during the latter part of February. An exaggeration has been developed in the head-dress, which has become an amphitheatre composed of flowers, feathers, ribbons, velvet, and precious stones. On account of the space taken up in this manner, polite husbands mount the box by the side of the coachman. The more permanent bonnet, however, it is officially announced, is to lose in the coming Spring all that the head-dress has gained.

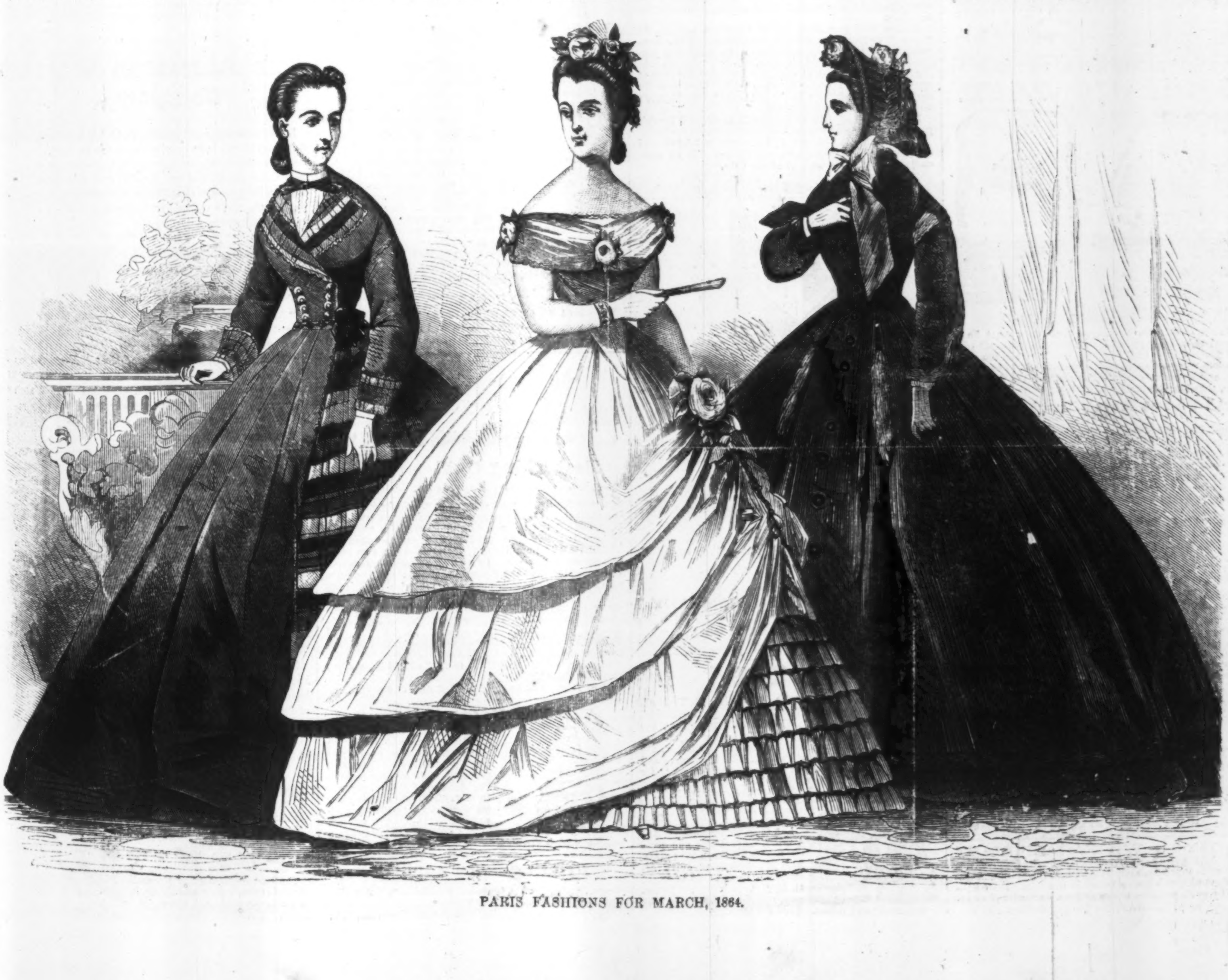
The chapeaux are no longer to be high floral expositions, but almost flat over the forehead, close-fitting to the outline of the face, and small in proportion every way; thus returning to the style so long adopted in England, which often indicated in Paris the nationality of the pretty British tourist contrasted with the Parisian belles, who now affect the black silk or velvet bonnet, ornamented with jet, *par préférence*. Other colors, mostly in velvet, are admissible, but neutral shades are the most distingués.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Evening Dress.*—Lilac and taffety robe, with open corsage. The lapels are in red, blue, and green plaid velvet, buttoning over the waist by a double row of buttons. The waistband and cuffs are likewise in velvet plaid; but from the former depends a long and wide silk tartan streamer. The chemisette is embroidered and provided with a small upright collar, fastened with a narrow light blue cravat.

Fig. 2. *Ball Dress.*—White tulle robe, trimmed with six flounces of hollow plaits. Over the robe are placed three jupes of plain tulle, forming a tunic, and drawn up at the side by a bouquet of flowers to which they are attached. Pointed corsage, provided with drapery, fastened at the shoulders and in the centre with small roses. The coiffure is of the latest mode, the hair being raised in front and ornamented with an abundance of flowers.

Fig. 3. *Carriage Dress.*—Light green velvet robe of the style known as the *style Princesse*, trimmed above the seam, round the pockets, and on the sleeves with rolls of fur. The front of the skirt and of the corsage is closed with black velvet buttons. Brown velvet bonnet of the modified form, decorated with a feather fastened to the top of the crown by a large rose, similar to that ornamenting the front of the chapeau.



PARIS FASHIONS FOR MARCH, 1864.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MORTON'S GOLD PENS are now sold at the same prices as before the commencement of the war; this is entirely owing to the Manufacturer's improvements in machinery, his present large Retail Business and Cash-in-Advance System; for, until he commenced advertising, his business was done on Credit and *strictly with the Trade.*

The Morton Gold Pens are the only ones sold at old prices, as the makers of all other gold pens charge the Premium on the Gold, Government Tax, &c.; but Morton has in no case changed his prices, Wholesale or Retail.

Of the great numbers sent by mail to all parts of the world during the past few years, not one in a thousand has failed to reach its destination in safety; showing that the Morton Gold Pen can be obtained by any one, in every part of the world, at the same price, postage only excepted.

Reader, you can have an enduring, always ready, and reliable Gold Pen, exactly adapted to your hand and style of writing, which will do your writing vastly cheaper than Steel Pens; and at the present almost universal High-Pressure Price of everything, you can have a Morton Gold Pen cheaper, in proportion to the labor spent upon it and material used, than any other Gold Pen in the World. If you want one, see "The Pen is Mightier than the Sword," in next column.

Millinery and Dressmaking Announcement.

MADAME BENEDICT invites the LADIES of New York for her OPENING DAY, TUESDAY THE **22D** of MARCH, to inspect her NOVELTIES in MILLINERY and DRESSMAKING. Milliners not admitted.

12 WAVERLY PLACE.

Life and Anecdotes of Thackeray.

D. APPLETON & CO., 443 and 445 Broadway, N. Y.,

PUBLISH THIS DAY:

THACKERAY;

THE

Humorist and Man of Letters.

The Story of his Life, with *Particulars of his Early Career never before made public.* By THEODORE TAYLOR, Esq. Illustrated with a Portrait, one of the latest taken from life; View of Thackeray's House; Fac simile of his Hand-writing; Humorous Illustrations by George Cruikshank; and other Pictures and Sketches.

1 Vol. 12mo, Price $1 25.

Sent free by mail on receipt of price.

American Needle Co., 442 Broadway, New York.

J. W. BARTLETT,

Needle Manufacturer for all the Sewing Machines.

☞ BARTLETT'S BURNISHED HAND NEEDLES: any quantity, any sizes by mail or express. "We find them a wonderful improvement. Try 250 for 50c."—Mme. Demorest.

FLORIMEL.

BURNETT'S FLORIMEL is an exquisite handkerchief perfume.

Burnett's Cocoaine.

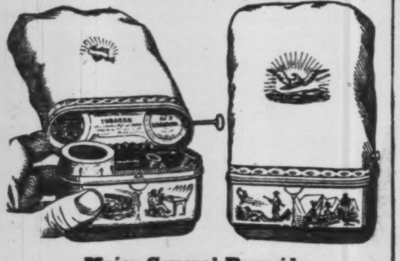
WHATEVER DR. BURNETT makes is the best of its kind. His famous COCOAINE, for the hair, and Flavoring Extracts sustain that reputation. For sale by druggists, grocers, and country dealers.

The Printer's Devil, a handsome illustrated family paper, will be sent six months on trial for 25 cents. Puzzles and Prizes in every number. Address

"PRINTER'S DEVIL," 113 Fulton Street, N. Y.

Sold by all Newsdealers.

THE "RIDGEWOOD" PATENT
SMOKING CASE.



Major-General Burnside

Writes, Jan. 29th, 1864, after thanks for what he is pleased to call our "useful and beautiful present" of a "Ridgewood Pipe and Tobacco Case." "It is the most complete thing for a *Smoking Apparatus* that I have ever seen, and so entirely within the reach of the *Soldier* in price, that it will certainly work itself into general use."

Gen'l Thomas Francis Meagher writes:

Feb. 5th, 1864.

To the Ridgewood Manufacturing Co.

Gentlemen;—I feel great pleasure in acknowledging, with many thanks, your present of the "Ridgewood Pipe and Tobacco Case," and beg sincerely to assure you of my belief, that your ingenious and beautiful little Invention will prove most convenient and useful to every Officer and Soldier, who can stand *Smoke as well as fire.*

And remain, faithfully yours, &c.

Compact and portable as a *Cigar Case*, it is offered in various styles at $1 50, $2 00, $2 25, $2 50, $3 00, $3 75 and $5 00, the two latter richly plated and engraved.

☞ *Single Cases* sent by mail, *free* to the *Army*, and everywhere, on receipt of *price* and **25** *cents.* A liberal Discount to Dealers and Sutlers. Also the

Ridgewood Smoking Tobacco,

of *superior quality* and *flavor*, put up in Packages to fill the Case, and in various sizes for the *General Trade.* Also half pound package of this FINE TOBACCO, full weight, (carefully put up,) sent by Mail, FREE, on receipt of $1 25. *All Orders* promptly filled.

OFFICE RIDGEWOOD MANUFACTURING CO.,
429 Broadway, cor. Howard Street, New York.

SOMETHING NEW
IN PLAYING CARDS.
LOVE SCENES.
Designs from French Artists.

The above new Card has fifty-two beautiful pictures, of elegant design, and they can also be used the same as ordinary playing cards, thus combining pleasure with amusement. Enclose 50 cents and two red stamps, and send for sample pack. $5 per dozen. Liberal discount by gross to dealers. H. A. CASWELL, 60 Nassau St., New York.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Onguent will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.

"THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD."

THE GOLD PEN—THE BEST OF ALL PENS,

MORTON'S GOLD PENS,

THE BEST PENS IN THE WORLD.

On receipt of any of the following sums in Cash, the Subscriber will send by return mail, or otherwise, as directed, a Gold Pen or Pens—*selecting the same according to description, viz.:*

GOLD PENS WITHOUT CASES.

For 25 cents, the Magic Pen; for 38 cents, the Lucky Pen; for 50 cents, the Always-Ready Pen; for 75 cents, the Elegant Pen; and for $1, the Excelsior Pen.—These Pens are not numbered, but correspond in sizes to numbers 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 respectively.

THE SAME PENS IN SILVER-PLATED EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For 50 cents, the Magic Pen; for 75 cents, the Lucky Pen; for $1, the Always-Ready Pen; for $1 25, the Elegant Pen; and for $1 50, the Excelsior Pen.

These are Well-Finished, Good-Writing Gold Pens, with Iridosmin Points, the average wear of every one of which will far outlast a gross of the best Steel Pens; *although they are unwarranted, and, therefore, not exchangeable.*

MORTON'S WARRANTED PENS.

The name "A. Morton," "Number," and "Quality," are stamped on the following Pens, and the points are warranted for six months, except against accident.

The Numbers indicate size *only:* No. 1 being the smallest, No. 6 the largest, adapted for the pocket; No. 4 the smallest, and No. 10 the largest Mammoth Gold Pen, for the desk.

Long and Medium Nibs of all sizes and qualities. Short Nibs of Numbers 4, 5, 6, and 7, and made only of first quality.

The Long and Short Nibs are fine pointed; the Medium Nibs are Broad, Coarse Business points. The engravings are fac-similes of the sizes and styles.

GOLD PENS, WITHOUT CASES.

For $0 75 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 00 a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 25, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 50, a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 75, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.
For $2 25, a No 6 Pen; $2 75 a No. 7 Pen; $3 25 a No. 8 Pen; $4 a No. 9 Pen; $5 No. 10 Pen—all 1st quality.

THE SAME GOLD PENS, IN SILVER EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For $1 50 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No 3 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 75, a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.
For $2 00, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.
For $2 50 a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.
For $3 00, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.
For $3 50, a No. 6 Pen, 1st quality.

GOLD PENS, ALL FIRST QUALITY, IN SILVER-MOUNTED DESK HOLDERS.

For $2 00 a No. 4 Pen; for $2 25 a No. 5 Pen; for $2 75 a No. 6 Pen; for $3 50 a No. 7 Pen.
For $4 00 a No. 8 Pen; for $5 a No. 9 Pen; and for $6 a No. 10 Pen.

The "1st Quality" are pointed with the very best Iridosmin Points, carefully selected, and none of this quality are sold with the slightest imperfection which skill and the closest scrutiny can detect.

The "2d Quality" are superior to any Pens made by him previous to the year 1860.

"The 3d Quality" he intends shall equal in respect to Durability, Elasticity and Good Writing Qualities (the only true considerations) any Gold Pens made elsewhere.

In regard to the Cheap Gold Pens, he begs leave to say that, previous to operating his New and Patented Machines, he could not have made as Good Writing and Durable Pens, for the price, had the Gold been furnished gratuitously.

Parties ordering must in all instances specify the "Name" or the "Number" and "Quality" of the Pens wanted, and be particular to describe the kind they prefer—whether stiff or limber, coarse or fine.

All remittances sent by mail in registered letters are at my risk: and to all who send twenty cents (the charge for registering), in addition to the price of goods ordered, I will guaranty their safe delivery.

Parties sending Gold or Silver will be allowed the full premium on the day received.

TO CLUBS.—A discount of 10 per cent. will be allowed on sums of $12, of 15 per cent. on $24, and of 20 per cent. on $40, if sent to one address at one time.

Address, A. MORTON,
No. **25** Maiden Lane, New York.

Albums for the Army.

Our New Pocket Album,

holding sixteen pictures, and sold at

Seventy-five Cents,

is the cheapest and best Pocket Album ever offered to the public.

Sent by mail to any address, post-paid, on receipt of Seventy-five Cents.

SAMUEL BOWLES & COMPANY,

Photograph Album Manufacturers,

Springfield, Mass.

"TIP TOP."

THE JAN., FEB., AND MARCH PICTORIAL DOUBLE NUMBERS PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL are the best ever issued. They contain more than 100 Portraits and other Engravings, including Major-Gen. Banks, Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Elgin, Gen. Thomas, Bishop Hughes, Captains Speke and Grant, with Characters and Biographies; also Beautiful Women. Only 45 cents for the three, or $1 50 a year. New Vol. Address

FOWLER & WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, N. Y.

Wholesale and Retail.

Opera and Field-Glasses

Can see a man distance of 3 to 4 miles. Spectacles and Eye-Glasses with French flint glass. Also Microscopes of every description, from $1 to $50. B. H. HORN, Optician, 212 Broadway, cor. Fulton St., up stairs. Send for Circular.

Brandreth's Pills

PURIFY THE BLOOD.

It is not pretended that a single life, or even an extended experience of one hundred and twelve years with a medicine, however successful, is sufficient to establish a theory of cure. But if ages of experience since, and during the life of Hippocrates, have confirmed the utility of Purging in all cases of sickness, then it should have weight with the medical profession, as it has with that portion of the public at large, whose attention has been directed to the subject, and who have seen the wonderful curative effects of Brandreth's Pills.

I have now in press, "The Literary Curiosities from the History of The Doctrine of Purgation," being selections from the writings of physicians, beginning with Hippocrates, 400 B. C., and ending with Rudolph Virchow, in 1860.

It will be thus seen that the advantages of Purging, when an innocent and effective agent is used, have been appreciated by more than one thousand medical men whose testimony is now preparing, and within a few weeks will be presented to the public. I think it will settle the propriety of the use of Brandreth's Pills theoretically. Their practical utility has already been tested for

ONE HUNDRED AND TWELVE YEARS.

B. T. Babbitt's
Articles of Every-day Use.

68 AND 70

PURE MEDICINAL YEAST,

Manufactured from common Salt and Pure Cream Tartar. When used in Bread, Cake, or Biscuit, it turns to gas (like that from a bottle of Soda Water), and remains dormant in the dough until it is set in the oven, when the heat causes the gas to escape through the dough while baking. The Bread, Cake, or Biscuit is not only very light, but perfectly wholesome. Where this Yeast is used you will require about one-quarter the amount of shortening used with ordinary Yeast. It may also be used for Buckwheat Cakes, Johnny Cakes, and all kinds of Pastry. This Yeast is put up in one-pound and one-half pound cans, with checkered label. *Red, White, and Blue—no other is Genuine—beware of imitations.*

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP with B. T. Babbitt's Pure Concentrated Potash, Warranted double the strength of common Potash, and superior to any other Saponifier or ley in market, put up in cans of 1 lb., 2 lbs., 3 lbs., 6 lbs., and 12 lbs., with full directions, in English and German, for making Hard and Soft Soap. One pound will make fifteen gallons of Soft Soap. No lime is required. Consumers will find this the cheapest Potash in market.

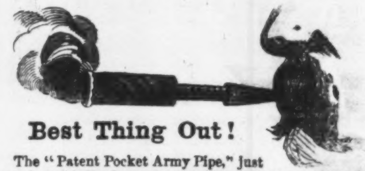
B. T. Babbitt's Medicinal Saleratus. A perfectly pure and wholesome article, free from all deleterious matter; so prepared that, as the circular accompanying the Saleratus will show, nothing remains in the bread when baked, but common Salt, Water, and Flour.—Put up neatly in papers, 1 lb., ½ lb., and ¼ lb.

B. T. Babbitt's Concentrated Soft Soap. One box costing One Dollar, will make 40 gallons of handsome Soft Soap, by simply adding boiling water.

B. T. Babbitt's Soap for Family Use. One pound of this Soap is equal to three pounds of ordinary Family Soap. One pound will make 3 gallons of handsome Soft Soap.—It will remove paint, grease, tar, and stains of all kinds. It will not injure the fabric; on the contrary, it preserves it. It will wash in hard or salt water. But little labor is required where this Soap is used. Machinists and Printers will find this Soap superior to anything in market. If your Storekeeper does not keep the above goods, send $5 by mail, and I will send a package of either article or an assorted box containing a part of each article, as you may direct. Send the name of your post-office, also the State and County in which you reside, with directions for shipping. Address,

B. T. BABBITT,
64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 70, 72 and 74 *Washington Street, N. Y.*

A liberal discount to Storekeepers.

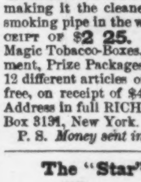


Best Thing Out!

The "Patent Pocket Army Pipe," just out, is decidedly the most convenient article for soldiers in the market. It is of fine apearance, SELF-CLEANING, will burn out all the tobacco, CAN BE CARRIED IN THE VEST POCKET, is not easily stopped up, as it can be taken into FOUR PARTS immediately. The fire can not be seen, neither can it drop out. By a very ingenious arrangement the smoke is cooled and cleaned before entering the mouth, making it the cleanest, most economical, and delightful smoking pipe in the world. ONE DOZEN SENT FREE ON RECEIPT OF **$2 25.** We also manufacture the famous Magic Tobacco-Boxes, Thermometers, Union Chrystal Cement, Prize Packages, Match safes, &c., and we will send 12 different articles of our choicest styles, nicely packed, free, on receipt of $4 00. *Circulars sent free per mail.* Address in full RICHARDS & CO., 37 and 39 Nassau St., Box 3131, New York.

P. S. *Money sent in registered letters is at our risk.*

The "Star" No Chimney Burner.



For KEROSENE OIL LAMPS and LANTERNS, gives a brilliant light free from smoke or smell, and needs no chimney. We are now prepared to supply the increasing demand for this superior Burner, which everywhere gives satisfaction. Sample sent, post-paid for 35 cts. Agents wanted.

P. ESSIG & CO., MANUFACTURERS, 2 Platt Street, New York.

Printing-Press for Sale.

One Taylor Double Cylinder, five Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 38x51. Price $3500.

Apply to HARPER & BROTHERS, 329 Pearl St., N.Y.

MANTILLAS.
BRODIE'S
SPRING OPENING

Took place on

Tuesday, 8th March.
BRODIE,

The Leader of Fashions,

Will make an early Spring Opening of

Ladies' Garments.

For novelty of style, for richness of material, and for endless variety of colors, coupled with moderate prices, the ladies of America never had such inducements to call on the

"Leader of Fashions."
No. 300 Canal Street,

Near Broadway.

LATEST INVENTION
IN
GOLD PENS.
JUST OUT.

After years of patient research it has been demonstrated now, for the first time, that a genuine Gold Pen, with an Iridium or Diamond Point, and possessing all the elasticity and durability of the highest price pen made, can be produced at prices far below anything of the kind heretofore offered. Years have been spent in trying to produce an elastic and diamond pointed pen at a low figure, and, until now, all attempts have been futile. We have nothing to say against parties advertising low-priced pens and calling them gold. We know that ours is the only solid gold and genuine diamond pointed and elastic pen in the market that can be sold anywhere near our prices.

Trade Prices by the Dozen.

No. 1. MEDIUM PEN,	$3 50.
No. 2. MEDIUM ENGROSSING PEN,	$3 75.
No. 3. LARGE ENGROSSING PEN,	$4 50.
SILVER MOUNTED EBONY HOLDERS IN MOROCCO CASE, EXTRA, PER DOZEN,	$4 00.

A Discount of 10 per cent. made on all orders of $50 *and upward.*

Sample Pens.

No. 1. MEDIUM PEN,	40 cents.
NO. 2. MEDIUM ENGROSSING,	50 cents.
No. 3. LARGE ENGROSSING,	65 cents.
SILVER MOUNTED EBONY HOLDERS IN MOROCCO CASE, EXTRA,	50 cents.

Warrantee.

We warrant every pen for one year, and to be solid gold, genuine Iridium or Diamond pointed, and to possess all the elasticity of the most expensive gold pen made.

We send these pens to any address in the United States, postage paid, on receipt of price. Money properly registered and sealed comes at our risk.

GEORGE A. ELY & CO., Sole Manufacturers, No. 181 Broadway, New York.

Caution
FROM
The American Watch Company.

It having come to our knowledge that imitations of the American Watch have been put upon the market in great numbers, calculated, by their utter worthlessness, to injure the reputation of our genuine products—to protect our own interests and the public from imposition, we again publish the trade marks by which our Watches may invariably be known.

We manufacture four styles of Watches:

The FIRST has the name

"AMERICAN WATCH CO., Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

The SECOND has the name

"APPLETON, TRACY & CO., Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

The THIRD has the name

"P. S. BARTLETT, Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

All the above styles have the name "American Watch Co." painted on the dial, and are warranted in every respect.

The FOURTH has the name

"WM. ELLERY, Boston, Mass." engraved on the inside plate, and is not named on the dial.

All the above described Watches are made of various sizes, and are sold in gold or silver cases, as may be required.

It is hardly possible for us to accurately describe the numerous imitations to which we have alluded. They are usually inscribed with names so nearly approaching our own as to escape the observation of the unaccustomed buyer. Some are represented as made by the "UNION WATCH Co., of Boston, Mass."—no such company existing. Some are named the "Soldier's Watch," to be sold as our FOURTH or WM. ELLERY grade, usually known as THE "SOLDIER'S WATCH;" others are named the "APPLETON WATCH CO.;" others the "P. S. BARTLEY," instead of our P. S. BARTLETT, besides many varieties named in such a manner as to convey the idea that they are the veritable productions of the American Watch Company.

A little attention on the part of buyers will protect them from gross imposition.

ROBBINS & APPLETON,
Agents for the American Watch Company,
182 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Enameled Chamber
FURNITURE.

The best assortment of Enameled Furniture in all colors and styles, walnut and chestnut, plain and ornamental, in suits, wholesale and retail. Also Mattresses and Paillasses. WARREN WARD, 277 Canal St., N. Y.

J. H. Winslow & Co.,

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

Of Articles to be sold for One Dollar each.

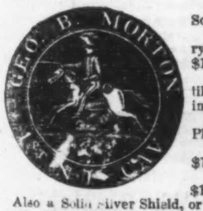
100	Gold Hunting Cased Watches	$115 00 each.
100	Gold Watches	70 00 each.
200	Ladies' Gold Watches	40 00 each.
500	Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches	18 00 each.
3000	Vest and Neck Chains	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000	Gold Band Bracelets	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000	" " "	3 00 to 5 00 each.
3000	Cameo Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Mosaic and Jet Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Cameo Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Lava and Florentine Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to 8 00 each.
5100	Gent's Breast Pins	2 50 to 8 00 each.
3000	Watch Keys	2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000	Fob and Ribbon Slides	2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000	Sets of Bosom Studs	2 50 to 6 00 each.
5000	Sleeve Buttons	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000	Plain Rings	2 50 to 5 00 each.
6000	Stone Set Rings	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000	Lockets	2 50 to 10 00 each.
5000	Sets Ladies' Jewelry	5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000	Gold Pens, Silver M'ted Holders	4 00 to 5 00 each.
10000	Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils	4 00 to 6 00 each.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
208 Broadway, New York.



New Cavalry Badge, in Solid Silver, $1 50.

New Artillery and Battery Pin, in fine Gold Plate, $1 50.

New Battle Pin, with the likeness of either General, in fine Gold Plate, $1.

New Naval Pin, fine Gold Plate, $1 50.

New Pontonier's Pin, do., $1 50.

New Engineer's Pin., do., $1 50.

Also a Solid Silver Shield, or either Army Corps, Div., or Co. Pins, with your Name, Reg., and Co. handsomely engraved thereon, for $1.

Liberal commission and premiums allowed to agents.

B. T. HAYWARD,
Manufacturing Jeweler, 208 Broadway, N. Y.

RHEUMATISM.

USE THE ELECTRO-METALLIC INSOLES, BELTS, and ARMLETS. They are an INFALLIBLE REMEDY for RHEUMATISM, COLD FEET, &c. METTAM & Co., No. 429 Broadway, N. Y. Insoles, $1 per pair; Belts, $3; Armlets, $1 50 each. Sent by mail for 30 cents additional.

$100 a Month made by discharged Soldiers, and others, with Stencil Tools. Don't fail to send for a free Catalogue, containing full particulars. Address

MILLIKEN & SPENCER, Vermont Record Office,
Brandon, Vermont.

Something New in the Card World.

A COMPLETE REVOLUTION.
TIME FOR A CHANGE.
FOREIGN EMBLEMS USED LONG ENOUGH.
NATIONALITY EVERYTHING.
THE AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,
conceiving that the introduction of

National Emblems

in the place of Foreign, in Playing Cards, would be hailed with delight by the people of the American republic, produced the

UNION PLAYING CARDS, NATIONAL EMBLEMS, (the first and only genuine American Cards ever made), and they now take pleasure in being able to announce that they are rapidly becoming the LEADING CARDS IN THE AMERICAN MARKET.

The Suits are
EAGLES, SHIELDS, STARS, AND FLAGS.
Colonel in place of King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack.

As these emblems are as familiar as household words everywhere among the people of the American republic, all the games can be played as readily with the Union Cards as with cards bearing foreign emblems. Independent of the popular idea of national emblems, they are the prettiest cards ever made. They are handsomely executed, pleasing to the eye, and each pack is put up in an elegant card case, and then in dozen boxes for the trade.

For sale by the trade everywhere.

Two sample packs, in cases, sent post-paid on receipt of $1. Address

AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,
165 William Street or 14 Chambers Street, New York.

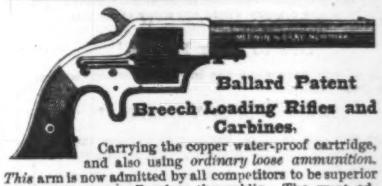
Deafness Overcome BY USING HASLAM'S SOUND MAGNIFYING TUBES. They can be concealed. Send for a descriptive pamphlet to

E. HASLAM, 32 John Street, New York.

To Consumptives.

Consumptive sufferers will receive a valuable prescription for the cure of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, and all Throat and Lung affections (free of charge), by sending their address to

Rev. E. A. WILSON,
Williamsburgh, Kings Co.,
New York.



Ballard Patent Breech Loading Rifles and Carbines,

Carrying the copper water-proof cartridge, and also using *ordinary loose ammunition. This* arm is now admitted by all competitors to be superior to any other ever offered to the public. The great advantage of loading with either fixed or loose ammunition alone makes it superior to all others.

We also offer to the public our new Plant & Reynolds Cartridge and loose ammunition loading revolver. This arm has no equal as a belt or pocket weapon.

For further particulars send for descriptive circular.

P. S. Do not forget that both Rifles and Pistols may be used with either copper cartridge or loose ammunition.

MERWIN & BRAY, Sole Agents,
262 Broadway, N. Y.

PHOTOGRAPHIC GROUPS of eminent actors and actresses, each group containing from five to nine portraits. Price 25 cents each; 5 for $1; 12 for $2. Sent, post-paid, by RICHARD PARKER & CO., cor. Ann and Nassau Streets, New York.

DR. B. C. PERRY,

DERMATOLOGIST,

49 Bond Street, New York,

Formerly of 29 Winter Street, Boston, treats successfully all Diseases of the Scalp, Loss of Hair, and Premature Blanching. ALSO, removes Moth Freckles, and other Discolorations from the face, without injury to the texture or color of the skin. Consultations free.

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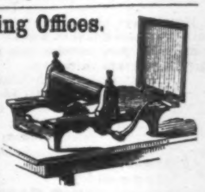

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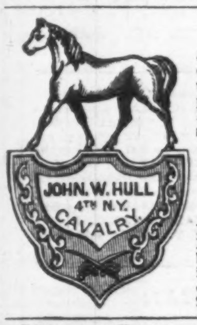

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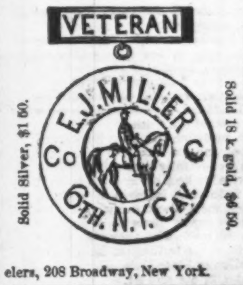

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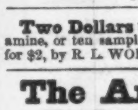

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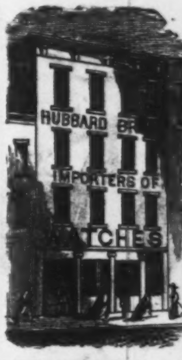

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